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Strickland, C. A.
Jubilee tidings

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*Bound by exact, **TRUTH,***
*Hearts are **RIGHT***

* * * * *

To exercise absolute justice is a better plan than to shoot
"Business" off the Earth.

[War will ensue where Labor is robbed.]

JUBILEE TIDINGS

Born midst the fury of the great strike for the closed shop at Portland, Oregon.

The World (of business) shall be destroyed with fire (of indignation).

The plan to finish the revolution began by "John the Baptist," but thwarted by Saul (?) Paul (?), Gamaliel's private attorney who changed his name to get into "the union" as a spy, wherein Jesus the despised and seditious, "the carpenter's son," declared a boycott against Caesar's coin, saying in effect, "let it alone but claim everything else for God, (we are in His image and likeness). It puts Christianity to work and gives to craft unions freedom from jurisdictional quarrels.

This is the "preparedness" for peace, not war, that will guarantee "On earth peace, good will toward men."

A Diadelphian Attempt to
Remove Prejudice and
Instill Serenity in
the Minds of Men
by Plain
Idioms
By
C. A. STRICKLAND
ASHLAND, ORE.

Author of "A Transitional Carol," price 5 cents; 10 for 25 cents.
The Dignity of Labor, in sheet music form, 10 cents; 7 for 50 cents.

The book "Jubilee Tidings," 80 pages, sells for 25 cents. Wrap coin in soft paper and send at our risk. One dozen copies, \$2.10. One hundred copies, \$16.25. Good cloth binding, 75 cents; \$6.00 per dozen. Please send by P. O. money order.

There are girls who are starved for a kindly look,
And many young boys going wrong,
Who'd rejoice and be glad could they read this book;
They'd do better with hopes made strong.

Great ideas are a-bornin' now. Choose Justice or Chaos, sell 100 books.

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Each book sent out contains three appropriate book-marks. If they do not appear in your book, or if you can use more of them in your correspondence, kindly drop a postal card to the author and he will gladly send you any number, greatly appreciating your kind favor.

C. A. STRICKLAND, Ashland, Ore.

We are going to "move back" into the Garden of Eden, now that "the flaming sword" (competition) has burned the foundation (the fear of want) from under godollar.

Macaulay said, "The law of gravity would not have been accepted had it interfered with vested rights."

TWO BOOKS IN ONE

In the verse we find Peace, it is here and now,
The prose shows the plan for the which, why and how.

Work eight hours per day, and have every alternate three months for vacation, "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light"—read "Equality," by Edward Bellamy.

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SYNOPSIS BY SECTIONS

SECTION ONE—*Instability*. 16 pages.

With war raging between buyer and seller in the business world, between man and woman in the home life, between the employer and the worker in the labor world; with the producing and distributing of life's simple needs, causing strife and contention everywhere and at all times, suicide is becoming quite the fashion.

SECTION TWO—*Idolatry*. 16 pages.

The benighted heathens, pagans and idolators, while committing all manner of crimes in jealousy over favors supposedly bestowed, or to appease the anger of the powers they believed their idols to symbolize, were not living farther away from the true principle of religion and "All that life is for," than are the races of men of today where the Christian Faith is proclaimed in form only, but has been entirely commercialized, that it shall prove a paying proposition.

SECTION THREE—*The Remedy*. 16 pages.

Never hesitate to fully forgive yourself. Train all habits of life to conform to perfect poise. By practice, attain to that degree of self-respect which disregards the acquiescence of any other person than the ego. Never *hurry* in life's purpose. Jesus took four days' time in getting to the tomb of His friend whom He loved to raise him from the dead. Cease to support, either by service or by resistance, any proposition not based on the entire truth. All evils die when left alone. See "The We Can Act," page 33.

SECTION FOUR—*Progress*. 16 pages.

The first and constant need for the accomplishment of any feat is the desire to see that thing done. Never, in all history, have the universal desires of mankind been so perfectly concentrated toward the required action for knowing and doing that which will lead man into life's true purposes. The inventive attainments being enjoyed today show the partial results of the progress being made.

SECTION FIVE—*Peace*. 16 pages.

Peace is an accomplishment which cannot be owned or attained to by an individual; it is a condition to be established only with men as a whole. Peace can have no substitute, nor will it ever stay where turmoil is entertained. No man enjoys peace while knowing of a fellow-man's sufferings.

We have found "The place to rest our lever" and "THE WORLD DO MOVE."

A CONCRETE PLAN FOR WORLD'S PEACE.

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We must sterilize "the root of all evil."

It puts the *do* in "Dominion" *do*, (ditto) in "Freedom."

Soul-intuition—a new definition of "Faith." It will resurrect that word of great power from the state of limbo whereto idol-frightened men have relegated it that they may hold God a party to the ills resulting from property owning. It is a vain attempt at excusing of self for their utter lack of compunction, while hearing a neighbor scrape the bottom of his flour barrel.

"Bear ye one another's burdens" is a full endorsement of the sympathetic strike and this will bring the closed shop, which is the open door to Industrial Democracy.

This whimper of ours, "To better our conditions," has become sickening to him who knows anything of the spirit of Independence. It is to say, "Please, master, don't whip us quite so hard, we can do more and better work for you if not kept in chains all the time."

FOREWORD

Note: To any organized body receiving this message from the book "Jubilee Tidings" please do not have it placed on file but refer it to a committee to examine and report back their findings, and plan for an agency to handle the book. Kindly request a full attendance at that meeting; it is important; it spells a new regime.

Mother-love is that tie which binds to the infinite. It prompts us all, more or less, to protect the helpless.

Where insane conservativeness prevails, TRUTH must appear radical. Only the working class shall BUILD World Peace.

To all men who desire and are hoping or striving for justice, peace and plenty in the world of labor; the only place where a lasting World Peace can be foundationed, Greeting:

This is the most promising hour in all of past history for those who dare to venture into the field of thought to prospect for the riches of truth and be made secure by fair dealings.

When we came to un-know a flat earth it became a globe. Thus by knowing the truth we were made free from that lie and every evil thus destroyed reveals its place already full of good. Therefore, nothing but good really exists wherever "mere custom" is not revered as Divine law and our interests include the welfare, love of all mankind.

When "The we can act" (see page 33), which forms the basis of all economic truth and upon which every detail required for doing the world's work can be established, shall be "understood," "believed on," adopted and agreed to (signed) by even a small portion of the workers of all nations, this regime of unrighteousness will go with the flat earth "and the truth shall make you free."

Therefore, it is to this purpose that we are signing "The we can act." To hallow and establish all human energies or labor, either mental or manual, as the basis of values and we will, on Jubilee Day, join in a world-wide labor strike against every manner of privately-directed competition in every kind of wage work, and we will not recognize any kind of measure of values (money) except the plan of checking against labor expended in the interest of society denominated according to the measurements of time (hours, minutes and seconds), these checks to be destroyed when used once as a measure of any article of value.

We are starting this work by sending this message to friends whom we believe will help in placing it before all whom it may concern. Kindly lend a hand in an endless chain plan of procedure by sending to us the addresses of persons from any part of the world who could volunteer to help build a WORKABLE and durable World's Peace. We desire a copy of your local paper containing a directory of the labor unions.

Please state in what language we should approach those of a foreign land with the view of having the plan translated and to make it at once a world-wide movement.

PREFACE

Where understanding is complete
'Twixt man and man,
There trouble suffers dire defeat;
'Tis Truth's great plan.

It has been said that "No generation can correctly measure itself." Also, "Christianity has not yet been tried." This is because each generation has failed to accurately deduce from history the knowledge of what conditions would prevail in the present time had the preceding generations applied just and honest methods to their economic affairs (house keeping). It would not pay the ruling, or owning class, to do this; and they have censored all history.

Every revolutionary movement known to the world, looking to the freedom of all mankind, has started among the least favored elements of the then existing state of society, and the leader in all such revolutions has always been a man whose character was framed out of the same materials; hope blasting disappointments, and ambition crushing sufferings endured by the slave class of his day. Through yielding to no master but "Love," he has lived above his environments and become able to see and know the great difference between Christianity and "Churchianity." This difference has existed always in the many phases of "Life complete" or its counterfeit, just as the exchangeable dollar is the counterfeit of *real money* which is, "a correct measure for labor performed, to be cancelled when used." The transferable dollar is paid to "labor" for a portion of his life, just once, but it will buy bread for a thief as often as he can steal it.

Have you made these discoveries? If so, you have only a feeling of tolerance and hope for the soap-boxer, whose rantings against religion prove him to be "an idealist in the rough," whose pure love for his fellowman is overshadowed by self-pity. Thus you see him, as yet a bound slave, worshipping before other gods than Love.

To consider the problem of World Peace from the viewpoint of the worker who has but one life to live as such; we know that I am giving a part of my life to get the transferable dollar as a wage just once, said dollar, which is merely the focusing point for vicious legislating, the cause of all wars, has served its purpose as completely at each transaction closed by its use as I will have done by my whole life of service to society and as long as the dollar I possess is worth one hundred cents to a thief or profitmonger, war will be with us. Therefore, I CAUSED THE WAR IN EUROPE. "I will arise and go to my father," and boycott the gamblers' dollar.

Let us not measure any degree of "madness" as any degree of Holiness. Rather let us love a broader love into the lives of men. Herein are full plans and specifications for making "Love your neighbor" a paying proposition.

If you object to the word "Socialist" as used herein, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business" * * *

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

THE EXECUTION OF JESUS

There is kept in a small chapel at Caserta, a village twenty miles north of Naples, a thin brass tablet upon which is engraven in Hebrew characters the purported death sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate upon Jesus of Nazareth. This plate was found in the year 1280, among a quantity of records of the Kingdom of Naples, in the city of Aquila. A number of other documents were found whose genuineness were never doubted. They referred to official transactions in the Roman province about the same time as the crucifixion of the Savior. The inscription on the plate is as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross on the 25th day of the month of March, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

"Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment as president in the seat of the praetor, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on a cross, between two robbers, because of the numerous and conclusive testimony of the people as follows:

"1. Jesus is a disturber of the peace.

"2. Jesus has taught the people sedition.

"3. Jesus is an enemy to the laws.

"4. Jesus calls Himself the Son of God.

"5. Jesus calls Himself the King of Israel.

"6. Jesus disturbed the worship of the temple by leading a mob of people with palms in their hands.

"Quirilius Cornelius, first of the Centurions, is ordered to take the body of Jesus to the place of execution and provide the cross. All people are forbidden to appear or prevent the execution."

Then follow the names of the judges and the names of the witnesses to the various charges in the indictment. The engraving is well done and the most of the characters are still clear enough to be traced.

* * * * *

About the only effective charge that was brought against Jesus was that of Sabbath breaking, and this was a mere ruse by which they hoped to head off threatened labor riots. His trial was conducted in the night time and his execution took place early the next day, a proceeding entirely forbidden and unprecedented in the annals of Roman law or history.

Listen! Can you not almost hear King Agrippa chuckling yet, since he said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian?" Think of it; he, to join with the workers in a movement to eschew, disdain the power of wealth, that it might die of its own worthlessness, so that man, since Adam, may not be "fallen" under his load of paper titles, "The father of lies," thus allowing to each his portion of the world's work and the world's worth. "Lead us not into temptation," means we do not want material riches, "For Thine is the Kingdom."

THE INVOCATION

"Our Father, which art in Heaven"
Not a place, but a condition
"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary be at rest,"
Not a man who deals out glory
As per power of acquisition,
But mind's dominion, realm of peace,
Serves "harmony" the best.

"Hallowed be Thy name" should be
Applied to all the people;
It has proved a mere estrangement,
Making "Father" mean a boss.
Thus 'tis only superfluous,
As each church must have a steeple;
Why it has a foreign usage,
Thinking men are at a loss.

"Thy Kingdom come"—it surely will,
When all mankind shall own the earth;
When private titles disappear
That every man may be of worth;
When children born shall not be cursed
With debts and trade, but get their needs,
And mothers name their babes for love—
Not for a place to fasten deeds.

"Thy will be done"—which ne'er can be
While army men and preachers gloat
In usurped powers o'er lives of men—
We need the referendum vote!
Each man must have the right to work
And thus to serve humanity—
Not be obliged to *buy* his boss;
This savors of insanity.

"On earth as 'tis in Heaven"—and
This simply means a place of peace.
This world can furnish joy for all
When from greed's throes we get release.

Where laws are framed to simply hold
All produce to be bought and sold
By money changers, class or ring,
Nor prayer nor faith can Heaven bring.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
But they who hold me by my job,
Constrain my motives, heart and head,
And thrive the more, the more they rob;
But when their system brings on war,
My peace of mind—God's Will—to mar,
They ask of me that I should fight—
Kill brother working men on sight.

"Forgive our debts," that we may know
That every tribute to Thee paid
Shall help us treat our brother so,
Not gauge him by mistakes he's made.
"And lead us not into tempting thought,
But deliver us from evils" wrought
By patriarchs? who forged Thy words
That they might *own* the lands and herds.

"Power and Glory" unto Thy Name
Through all the universe the same;
"Amen" shall rest on every lip
When men are freed from ownership;
When every soul may claim its share
Of all life's needs, the same as air;
When brotherly love nulls vanity
And *man* shall mean humanity.

To analyze the word "Religion," *re*, signifies the past. *Lig*, from "liege," is to bind; thus, it is to bind to the past. Now, primordial man, God's image and likeness, stood free (naked) and gathered his food from God's ("Infinite Mind's") garden without owning it, but when Cain *owned* a field of corn, and Abel *owned* a flock of sheep, it brought the first and all other murders. Since two things cannot be in one place at one time, where private owning of public needs is, there can be no religion.

Soul intuition, when strangled, abused, or distorted, results in mediumship or necromancy.

Has your conscience ever bade you
 "Look for refuge in a wrong?"

No, not once!

Have you gained by measures crafty,
 Playing shrewd or bluffing strong?

No, not once!

How can that man to whom past experiences seem deplorable, build a happy future out of the materials which his memory must provide?

The operator whose plant is in an old, rotting, unsafe and sickly building, can, because of cheaper rents, figure to take all the work away from him who provides a pleasant or good shop for his employes to work in. This illustrates the whole of the profit system. We go to the voting polls blear-eyed from our great interest in matters of detail. We must search out *the principle* which makes for our welfare, and vote it always! Leave the working out of the details to those who can use them.

You workers who are expecting to get rich, be not deceived, the man who has attained to success in "This world of business" (a daylight thief) has trampled his self-respect into the mire, has flushed his true ideals into the sewer. You would not clothe your conscience with his flimsy threadbare excuses for twice what he is worth.

There are people in business who expect to profit by being civil, decent or just; that is, they practice these qualities for a price. These are the hypocrites before whom the harlots shall enter God's kingdom.

To those who by their perverted faith admit of any power being vested in material wealth, the soul damaging effect is the same whether he be losing money from his millions or only fails in getting a job; both are suffering the same fear of want. Both deny Spirit, which is the source of all supply. Both are holding the world's debts to be more sacred than Life, Truth, Love and God's bountiful dominion over all, for all.

The day is past when one can excuse himself publicly (it was never done privately) by the claim that his brother was not "shrewd" enough to guard his own interests. We know that all that brother lacked was the "black mask" of legal stealing, a public danger, "unclean," which leads to all war; the devil which public opinion is determined to drive "into the sea with the swine."

Count all waters as one water, count all loves as one grand whole,
 Count all matter, force, attraction, as the plan of one grand Soul;
 Give to human life a oneness, make our efforts one grand plod—
 When we've solved the "Savior's problems" we will know the living
 God.

THE POWER OF MONEY

I recently interviewed Hand-out Joe,
And he gave me a great surprise.
He told me some thing that I'm grieved to know,
And I want to ask you if they're lies.
Said he, "Pride and Honor forbid me to work
And see my hard earnings corraled by some shirk.
I would live, and I care not for money.

"The Pioneer Bob and the Workingman Bill,
Who block out the homes for a nation,
They furnish the muscle, the brains and the skill
Which result in man's boasted creation.
They number their hours of labor by twelve,
They brave every danger, they dig and they delve,
Not to live, only just to make money.

"The factory girl trembles in deathly fear
When the boss is seen wearing a frown.
She has measured her strength with a millionaire
Whose wealth by her labors has grown.
She suffers his tyrannies small and great,
Exists in sheer anguish both early and late—
Still, are they not both making money?

"An abstract of title lies harmlessly (?) there
On a beautiful marble slab.
The mortgage is written, for the title's been clear
Since the government made the big grab.
Just offer that banker this same farmer's lot,
Would he make the change? No, he'd rather be shot;
And he only does this to make money.

"The wierd politician, old Shylock's best tool,
Of all human vipers the worst,
Would barter his birthright, the poorly paid fool,
For gall to quench conscience's thirst.
With a lie in his heart that stings like a thorn
He curses the day that e'er he was born—
Poor whipped slave to the power of money."

"The soldiers march onward in martial array—

This verse suppressed until WE shall win and crush the CAUSE of war, thus making the world ready for Industrial Democracy, until "having eyes" we may see more than the blare of churchianity and "having ears" hear other than a mere echo of Truth rebounding from the brake of business. This verse will reach you in sticker form by a plan explained later in the paper, "The Jubilee Day Tide." See page 35.

"The evangelist shouts, 'Here's the Blood of the Lamb!

Look out! for the Devil is coming!

He knows that to mankind he's not worth a clam

So he doesn't want cash; he's just bumming.

Let someone drop a thousand as you would a dime,

He reluctantly (?) takes it, just for this single time,

But, oh, no, he is not making money.

"We loudly boast of our public school;

True, 'tis Old Glory's firm foundation;

But the children of only a favored few

Can complete their education.

While yet babes they find Shylock holds contracts of old;

With their flesh for ransom, and he *must* have his gold;

So they're forced to get out and make money.

"When we try every test and find a man brave,

We choose him as our legislator;

To guard against evils and let our flag wave

O'er this of all nations the greater.

But how oft do we bow in shame and disgust

To see how our statesmen betray their great trust

When given a chance to make money.

"The mother, the moulder of mankind's career,

Is baffled beyond compare;

Her hopes for her boy are in deep revere—

Brave soul, may she never despair.

But how oft her mirth falters in the midst of her song,

For she knows that the teachings of men are wrong

In regard to the making of money.

"The child of today who is destined to be
The citizen of tomorrow,
Is crushed 'neath the pangs of poverty,
All hopes, but the dawn of sorrow.
The human mind is so flexible, so like potter's clay,
On the lathe of priests and liars it almost *must* obey
And yield to the power of money.

"When man shall prize honor and truth above pelf,
His vision will soon become clear.
He'll see all mankind have such rights as himself
And also love freedom as dear.
Then we'll know it is lower to receive than to give,
True love displace greed, and we'll learn how to live.
Oh, how gladly we'll stop making money!"

Then he said (and I wondered if he was a knave):

"There's a brighter day now dawning;
Education has dug old Shylock's grave—
There under the willow it's yawning;
And the old fellow's sick—if he dies, let him go,
All the children of Eve will live better I know.
Let us bury this worship of money!"

The calm, cool conviction so fixed in Joe's eye,
Proved to me that our hearts were in union.
I could not rebuke him—I hardly know why—
But I relished the sweet communion.
He said, "Cowards profit by ownership laws,"
And I vowed, that with him, I would help in the cause,
To take power away from money.

And I know, as I reason from cause to effect,
That no one will lose by the deal;
That those who have millions to pay for respect
Can get it and won't have to steal.
With them and their children from grim want secure
They will love the most lowly for their hearts *can* be pure.
We must banish the power of money.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

Society needs our protection,
 Needs every man's earnest good will.
 The incentive to crime needs correction.
 To deprive one of "life" is to kill.
 No matter what method is taken,
 What scheme the dire issue conceals;
 The basis of true life is shaken,
 When a man cannot live his ideals.

Society fails in its calling,
 Where hopes and ambitions must yield
 To a standard of morals appalling,
 By the light of plain justice revealed.
 While we have this exchangeable dollar
 We'll squander life's purpose to hoard.
 Every child is a misguided scholar.
 Thus, society's standard is lower'd.

Our courts are assembled to quibble,
 Our teachers must parley with strife.
 The thirsting soul finds a mere dribble
 Where should be the fountain of life.
 Society rears up the gallows
 To double our portion of ills.
 Craving wealth will the softest heart callous.
 Let us vote down this system that kills.

You have heard about Black Friday, and the crime of seventy-three,
 And in eighteen ninety-three we had a panic;
 Do you think those great disasters were the fruits off labor's tree?
 Were they caused by farmer, miner or mechanic?
 But the laborer's children suffered all the pangs of slavery,
 While the demagogues wore silks and grins Satanic.

Don't you know how Northern Capital struck in eighteen sixty-one,
 The recognition of their union to enforce?
 No mean scabs sneaked in to break the strike, but labor at the gun
 Stood valiantly for freedom, preventing the divorce.
 There's one final struggle coming—yes, the change has now begun;
 All the people must be master in our economic course.

To stand helpless before any "business man" requires the faith of a Daniel; he did not quarrel with the lions nor hold resentment for the conspirators (their business plans) which placed him in that position. By ignoring evil he lived above it as we do who sign "The We Can Act,"

Strictly speaking, unless one is always in church—at one with Truth and Love—he is never in church.

"Call no man on this earth father." This would completely nullify the wicked and ungodly, or the material-godly, practice of transferring property values by will, or of receiving the same as an inheritance.

The speculator and would-be-get-richer (and their name is legion) must sneak into the dark places of "business" and live, like the moth, by the destruction of labor's bounties. He cannot "know the true and living God," which is eternal life, and to fill the void where love should be he uses stimulants and narcotics.

When I think enough of gold (its power to control labor) or of land, to own it, it owns me. It is my god, and to defend it I must invite war.

The only way to "make money" is to get in the way, between men and God's gift to man. Is not such an one a thief? Can he frame any excuse which will square him with "Thy will be done"? Are they doing these things for their children's sake? Then those children have a season of shame before them.

Were the land and machinery we now have, publicly owned and democratically managed, it would be equal to forty slaves for every family of five in America.

Men are born equal as regards their needs. Also, no man ever "believed" wrongly except he was misinformed.

The worker, who does not suffer with "moneyphobia" (but alas, they are few) loves the Divinely true principles of mechanism. He sings at his work, and is happy because it blesses all mankind.

Is that man honest, wise or a Christian (Christlike) who will support a business system, by his vote or otherwise, which always has and will, blast the hopes of children, crush the ambitions of youth and produce the diseased state of mind, body and morals which we endure? Let us "love our enemies and bless those that curse us," by refusing to be servile under any rulers or money kings, but allow them to be "one of us" and receive from society a salary and their share of the reward promised in "the new" commandment, which is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Cease to stand between him and his bread, to gather a profit.

The out-of-works are more neighborly than other men, but we are all as neighborly as business will allow us to be.

Character building is but the crystallizing of habits.

EMANCIPATION

Say, fo' de Lawd, whaah is Ah at?
 Ah done bin tole a foolish lie;
 D-ey said dat Lincoln took de bat
 An' knocked out slabery on de fly.

Dey said "dem sojer boys in blue
 Had lubbed de niggers fru an fru";
 But hea'ahs a man arise to say,
 "Dey fit for mighty little pay."

He says dey freed no slabes at all,
 But druv a million to der graves.
 He says dat slabery didn't fall,
 Jes private ownership in slabes.

If you-all ole back hain't green wif moss,
 You'll sign to quit de private boss.

Had the workers not been deceived by the false promise of riches to come through the grabbing of land, our brother, the Noble Red man need not have been murdered from off the earth. He WOULD not look into "still waters" at the likeness of any man's servant, for a wage. When he wished to "lie down in green pastures," no man should say him nay. He knew that when a man is "put," in any position, he is a slave and he heeded not the threats of any hoodwinking Apostles, Paulism. These things prove his nobility.

Can charity issue from that fear which prompts men to privately own God's free bounties to man? Then Love is a thief and Truth a cringing beggar.

Only by honestly doing needed work can one attain to nobleness and satisfying worth, but he who works long hours for a mere wage is like the oak which grows on a barren ridge; he is a mere scrub.

What hope he has in life is only a fungus growth; his dignity is agued, is jaundiced; he is ruined as a neighbor, a husband or a father, and to punish this man for whatever his conduct be, is only to double a social error.

Making brick without straw did not impose upon the slaves of Egypt a more unbearable condition that is being suffered by all the classes engaged in useful and necessary labors today. The time is at hand (like the Kingdom of Heaven) for a general, or Mosaic, strike—

TAINTED MONEY

I went to church one Sunday
Not very long ago.
A fancy singer acted prink,
A nice young preacher led the show.
The box came round and, come to think,
I'd bought no ticket at the door,
So I threw in a piece of chink.
The usher, he looked back for more;
The preacher made a prayerful whine,
"God bless this pile." I nearly fainted.
A chill of fear ran up my spine;
I wondered if my coin was tainted.

The singers sang for wages,
So broke the Sabbath some.
The preacher sputtered, in a stew,
Because the best folks stay at home.
This made me take a careful view
To see what kind of crowd was there.
I found in almost every pew
At least one "ad," for bleaching hair,
And almost all the "women dear"
Were counterfeit, at least were painted.
An inkling came, with growing fear,
"Churchianity is always tainted."

I often wonder why it is
We never hear them pray
Nor even thank the God of Love
For air to breathe, or light of day.
As mathematics always prove
That each "effect" must match its cause,
Thus Spirit Worship is above
All power of wealth or carnal laws.
The union spy, like Paul, may claim
By crafty "calls" are spotters sainted,
While "private interests" rule the game
The lives of all mankind are tainted.

That Jesus did know the truth that shall make us free, must be admitted, or Christian civilization is doomed to again plunge into the dark ages. He healed all manner of diseases. He walked on the waters; He raised the dead; that is, He proved that to understand Spiritual Truth brings Omnipotence. He defied old customs and succeeded in doing those things, of which the conventionalists are always shouting, "It can't be done." In His great work, what had He to combat? He denounced the scribes and hypocrites, editors and teachers, who deceive for a price in defense of "business." He drove from the temple (all the world of industry) those who bought and sold. These alone defend private ownership of public needs. He commanded that the taking of usury, which is a twin to profits, should cease, that we might "Love your neighbor as yourself." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Exchangeable money has no values except such as we bestow upon it by our false and "religion-killing" reverence, crystallized into a seeming power through fear-fed legislating, and under this perversion of religion (not ignorance, for we know better), the worker accepts the paltry wage of seventeen cents for each dollar's worth of true values he creates. Thus he goes in debt eighty-three cents to "competition and graft" continually. At every stroke of the hammer or dash of the saw, he is doing this very thing! It is time we advertise "*A Great Sacrifice Sale*"—"Going Out of Business"! Because, "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

You are working a problem in mathematics; an error has entered into it; that is, you have failed to "be"-lieve the true principles of your work. You have trouble, worry, sickness, interest, rent, profit, conspiracies, trusts, strikes, lockouts, wars, hell—the competitive world. But to return to the problem in mathematics. The moment you discover the error you—vote—it out! It ceases to exist; it fades into complete oblivion, and never again will it claim any right to existence in your consciousness; in fact, it never did have any existence. It was a "nothing." Just like the exchangeable dollar with its debts, crime and sufferings. The labor check, to live its natural life, i. e., be used once and cease to act, is the truth in economics, which means "house keeping"—"the house builded on the rock," labor.

"In my Father's Kingdom on earth" there will be no exchangeable dollar used in payment for labor; one that can be stolen from him at night and used again the next day as a wage for his labor which is always new, a part of the worker's life; or else Jesus would not have required *His* organizers to work "without purse nor scrip."

The exchangeable dollar is always a liar, exacting a tribute where honor is due. The plain "labor check" to be cast in the fire, when used, is the genuine wage; that is true.

WRONGFUL LAWS DO DISTORT

Who is the slave? Not only he
 Who bends his back, while boss or knave
 Applies the lash, but all who lack
 The will to clash
 With forces domineering.

While one may "own" the common needs
 Of all mankind, each may disown
 His duties plain, and need not mind
 How loss or gain
 Keeps men from "right" revering.

And with my bread guilefully held
 For ransom, hid, by law-born dread
 And soldiers guard; thus feudal tenures did
 Men's hope retard
 With freedom interfering.

Every exchangeable dollar carries the never-dieing promise to every manner of thief that he may forever "skin" the producer; meanwhile I dare not speak to my fellow-worker about our mutual welfare lest he inform the boss that my manner of worshiping godollar is not "business-like," does not conform to "Paulism" and I be (crucified) discharged.

The exchangeable dollar in your pocket is not your dollar if I can get it; this constitutes a premium on double dealing and all manner of crime. This is the incentive which prompts all speculating, stock watering, etc. The worker who would earn that dollar must deliver more than a dollar's worth of labor (his life) to get it. By this process of "scabbing" some other worker is prevented from getting that share of labor which should have been his. From this condition comes our disemployed army and the few honorable "won't workers," also the dishonorable won't workers, who hire the best box-seats at the theatres by the month.

Brother and Sister: It behooves you and I to cease to recognize any "power" as being vested in exchangeable money, and to *act*, to dethrone that supposed, or viciously legislated power; or we must stand convicted of being, each a party to the crime of, again turning *man* towards the dark ages.

We are bidden to love each other. God's imagine and likeness can, but he who loves the power of wealth has no right to pose as man. The heathen and he are equal, their gods are the gods of war; and herein lies the sequel of what god-ollar is for.

The man who prays, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," and then supports by his vote, this "business world," has not measured his words at all, or else was seeking to "drive a bargain" when he said, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

And again, while we make a god of such money as will measure a lie by the same rule that it does honest labor, is it not asking amiss to pray, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors?" Has there ever been a war fought because labor was receiving more values than it had produced? Every war has been a mutual murder! It is simply business gone to seed. "Father forgive them; they know not what they do."

A dollar can be passed from man to man, and pay one hundred debts in an hour. When by "The We Can Act" man shall refuse to render his one life labor for a dollar, which, by legislation, has been given limitless lives, then this money may be started on its rightful mission, and can pay all the world's debts in ten days.

Every child born into this world, being in any way deficient, either physically or mentally, brings positive proof that we are blindly cursed with the fear that to keep the first commandment will not pay. This because Life, Spirit, God is not loved by us so much as is the (supposed) power of the exchangeable dollar.

While I in covetousness exercise the false power vested in private ownership, to demand a tribute of my neighbor before he shall eat, I am not loving him as myself, and when I repeat the first commandment with my heart thus defiled, I am blaspheming.

The cause of all the evils existing in the industrial world lies in the fact that an honest person must "earn," give a part of his life, for the same exchangeable dollar—an unrighteous measure of values—which a dishonest person may enjoy the use of by simply scheming or deceiving to get it and the most common method of applying dishonest practices to all enterprise lies in the wage system as governed and managed by private employers of labor. And they must do these things or go broke.

EASTER MORNING

What friend is noble, worthy, leal,
Whose gods permit him, trade and steal;
Who does not taste of drink, nor food,
Except he rob the meek, the good?
Can he who lives in constant fear
Of going broke, know friendship dear?

While priests make stock of Jesus' name,
The Christ has risen to His shame!

CLOSING OUT

Surcease from fear we do not find,
 Cheer up? Ten thousand times we've tried.
 These soul-bought riches are declined;
 There 're better ways to suicide.

We're told our families are too small.
 More slaves? Love 'neath the Juggernaut!
 While starving girls to harlots fall—
 What worker lives as humans ought?

We'll never *beg* for work again.
 Work just to live? Not one more day!
 We've learned to mimic business men.
 "We're closing out; it does not pay."

OWNERSHIP

Who firmly stands to shield the right,
 Is bringing Peace, though fierce the fight;
 Who knowingly will suffer loss
 Is only fit to serve a boss;
 The man who boasts of being good
 Will sell the Christ, as Judas would.
 Where bribe-takers ruled, those nations fell.

Who owns my right to earn my bread,
 Controls my wishes, heart and head;
 Makes all men slaves because he can,
 Till no man dares to be a man;
 And every sinner on the roll
 Just can't afford to save his soul.
 'Tis profits and graft are the fare to hell.

When we can understand the effects of unbounded selfishness, we will know the causes and history of the historyless dark ages, wherein Paul's commercializing platitudes entirely submerged the co-operative plans of Jesus.

The worship of material wealth constitutes that Spiritual death which is "the last enemy to be overcome."

Say, you soap-boxers! you claim to respect Karl Marx, "Our Gene" Debs and your own little "me too Pete" for being leaders in the worker's revolution; now, listen—why do you lend your nasty abuse, which finally means "powder and lead" to those weak Paul persuaded—belated pagans, who have tried for centuries to separate our Comrade Jesus from the real revolution. He taught, "Lay not up treasures on earth (big business) but love one another, co-operate. For three hundred years they ignored the same system we are trying to "cut out." He was exactly at the head of the worker's best plans of His day or of all time. What sort of neighbor would I be in the new regime should I win all the points you ask by a nasty fight, and then go around bragging about it?

In Gal., the second chapter, Paul boasts of brow-beating the Disciples of Jesus and his brother, James. He says, "I speak as a *man*" (an attorney for business, not as a labor agitator). Br-r-r-r. And don't you forget it! From this come the many brands of Churchianity, ground out in the stained-glass-windowed-gospel-shops, but every evil, if let alone, is dead already.

After being compiled by Constantine, arch defender of property rights, and having been revised many times by servants of the master class, the new testament still states plainly that Paul, with lawyer-like hoodwinking, was a labor fakir, a union disrupter, a traitor to the cause of Heaven *here and now*. His capitalistic ideas, clothed in bigoted sophistry, have caused most of the persecutions, pestilence, crime and wars since his heyday of I-me-my, master-and-slave, a-Roman-citizen oratory. Was Paul a martyr to the truth because he was (supposedly) beheaded? It would seem so, but the world's despoilers often find it cheaper to exterminate "a good tool" than to pay him for his job; moreover it keeps his mouth shut.

These statements are not more profane nor sacrilegious than when Jesus proclaimed "It is written, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you, return good for evil."

Admitting that Paul did present the truth of the Christ to "a remnant, the elect" (a class which he considered worth favoring), he thus raised it off of the foundation of society and placed "Heaven beyond the grave" for the working class. He was the only Bible writer who would deny the right of "knowing God," to the workers, the uncultured. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him." See I. Corinthians, 2, 14. In his epistles he always addressed himself to some friend or to the church, wherein, then as now, only the upper social caste could feel welcomed. In I. Timothy, 6, he says to the workers, practically, "Your union with the Christ is already crushed; it is your boss, recognized man of God, I am serving." Read St. John, 9:16, to see what easy picking Paul had.

If we, the workers of the world, will take the advice which Paul gave to his elected few, "Owe no man anything," this will fully justify us in signing "The We Can Act"—page 33.

This is not an attack on Christianity, but a suggestion that Paulism and its resultant *Churchianity*, where style supersedes love, deserves an investigation as badly as does the money trust and the insidious lobby which President Wilson has recently scourged out of "My Father's House."

Luke, the accredited writer of the Acts of the Apostles, was addressed by Paul as "My beloved physician," meaning then "My personal representative," or "My private secretary." All secretaries then as now, write to suit their bosses or lose their jobs. As Paul's biographer, Luke makes it plain in the Acts, after the tenth chapter, that Paul frequently quarreled with the Union Delegates (disciples), whom Jesus had chosen to complete the revolutionary movement in the labor world, so similar to the work being done by the JUBILEE BAND.

The Disciples plainly feared and denounced him and his methods and expressed doubt of the genuineness of his conversion to their cause, and their doubt was well established in the fact that he still remained a woman-hater and a shrewd tactician. The Acts, 16:37.

Paul, the preacher, was the private attorney of Gamaliel, an avowed plutocrat, who lived at Antioch and acted as the prime mover for the money power of that time. It was at Antioch that those labor unionists were first branded with the name "Christians," a name which was then as odious and detestable as is hobo or agitator now.

Wherever Paul went there was great strife, contentions and even rioting among the craftsmen. He at all times trained closely with the politicians and defenders of the tyrannical law which had caused the defeat of Jesus' plans, and always when pressed by the common people for an explanation, he received the support of the chiefs, the centurions, the soldiers and the courts.

After it became unsafe for him to operate in public as a disrupter of the unions, he enjoyed the defense of prison walls, and for two years a fine rented house, from which places he sent out many fine epistles to the union leaders.

All labor union spies of today must be able to use fine language with which they may express a great degree of love and fealty as a liegeman to the union which they are guiding to its ruin.

(No wonder Felix trembled.)

Beware of the abusive agitator who would charge individuals with the evils of this business world. Each man must be a coward and a hog or go broke. We all do the best we can while worshiping god-ollar. The red-eyed agitator is often getting his living (like Paul?) by keeping men divided and bewildered. The police may be instructed to not hinder, but protect him and to "finish" the trouble which he shall start.

Paulism infers "If I can only get MY narrow, stingy, little soul through those pearly gates, to hell with others."

The producer's natural deduction is, "I will work cheap for the boss and be a docile slave even though posterity comes only to debts for the next hundred generations."

He who assumes to measure time should state when it began.

Will pulpit-pounders rise and give the date?

The preachers and old Shylock deal in time that never was,

Maltreat the present moment, fill human hearts with hate;

Forcing mankind to be egotists, their natural natures stun;

Dividing the Infinite, one to command, all others to obey;

Measuring time to ripen debts—there is no other cause.

Heed only good, be born again, and greed will fade away.

When we, the workers, shall cease "to buy that which is not bread"; refuse to longer fight or slave to defend "godollar," the old coward will "bow his head and give up the ghost." You know this is true! And the earth will still be here to live on.

In the preambles to "Churchianity" we read (between the lines), "Can a man have more of Jesus in his heart than he has money in the bank?" This because one good preacher *forgot!* the working class.

If institutions are made sacred by age, then priestcraft, feudalism and piracy should not have been abandoned, and Jesus was wrong when He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Paul said, "Love all you can without disturbing the boss' business or interfering with his 'hired hands.' The powers that be (in ownership) are ordained of God."

He who voices the sublime truths that Jesus taught is counted "the fool of a disgraced family" for opposing Paulism, wherein "business plans" supersede love, and Heaven is "over yonder." Paul, in speaking to his chosen class, "The elected" few, "a remnant," said, "Have that mind which was also in Christ Jesus." But he advocated a condition of servitude *for the workers* which prohibits a state of true but forceful meekness. He would keep "the crafts" in a state of turmoil such as gives to evil all the power it can ever exercise. In fine platitudes he warned those whom Jesus called "hypocrites! whited sepulchres," to organize and support him "me Paul" or a change would befall them "in the twinkling of an eye."

Among all the writings by and of Paul combined, there is not as much power displayed tending to promote harmony and peace among men as is contained in the two first words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father."

By his zeal in promoting the interests of the upper caste, he places himself in accord with the plans for dove-tailing the business world into "My Father's Kingdom." That he succeeded is evident, for the plan was: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." And also: "This generation shall not pass, until all these things be done."

We can never love a man-like god; but haste the day when man is God-like.

THE PRIVATE TITLE

When man was given full control—
 Dominion over land and sea—
 Say, did the Universal Soul
 Thus disinherit you and me?

Primitive man by force was greedy,
 His methods crude—wild beasts were nigh—
 But now no human should be needy,
 And the private title stands a lie.

How fast are you getting rich, brother? The world's debts are all one, a green pasture for non-producers; but labor, who alone pays any debts, is groggy already; stone-blind-drunk, with our load of interest, rent and profit. We can *never* pay them! How fast are you getting rich, brother? If I am incumbered, for a home, or a gamble, I must work long hours, steady and cheap, or lose out entirely. I am doing more than my share of the world's work; I am doing a part of your work and you must remain idle unless you can please (pay) my boss better than I am doing. How fast are you getting rich, brother? But with non-transferable money in use and a square deal assured to every man, you would be as rich as if owning the whole world.

If your boss or your boss' (Sunday) boss objects to this plan, tell him that you are tired of doing *more* than your share of the work, under such terms as only invite starving slaves to underbid you in *their* struggle of Mammon worship.

We waste ninety per cent of our energies trying to secure good results from bad investments. Let us deprive the dollar of its exchangeable qualities, then it cannot carry the same values into a lie, speculators' schemes, that it does into the needs and blessings of life. Labor must always produce anew the values it renders to society; therefore, the mission of money should cease, it should be destroyed, cancelled like a postage stamp when labor exchanges it to society for any commodity. Only in this way can we "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's," and all the world today is longing to do so.

All this we may accomplish this very day, and also bring all trouble and war-makers into useful service by refusing any longer to render our true values (labor is always true values) for the use of any private interests.

We must cure the "why" or "the which" can never be made whole.

God's image does not need to be robbed by a wage from any individual; cease to work except for society, and we have that right.

When every man shall serve society, and no man as an individual, shall be an employer, with all manner of service paid for by authorized agents of society in simple "labor checks," denominated, "hours and minutes," not usable between individuals, and with society owning and holding for sale, by our authorized agents, all the products of labor, with the price to be the hours and minutes required to produce the article, then every man will get full pay for his labor, and buy all he consumes or has, at cost. "Therefore, take no thought, saying What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

The labor check, to be issued by society, for hours and minutes of labor performed, and to be destroyed when used once, as money, will rid the world of fear, make impossible all stock watering, gambling and speculating, thereby reducing the world's work by one-third; thus every man may obtain ample goods, leisure and the incentive to live a noble life, with the schooling and travel to afford him a Spiritual understanding of the truths, the wonders, the beauties and the joys which "Dominion" means. It will resurrect fallen man.

Must I be thoroughly proficient in all the details of my adversary's schemes for profit grabbing or else indemnify him? These are rules of war, also rules of business, but they do not coincide with "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The idea of the soul of man being the private property of an individual of personified God, is the prime cause of selfishness, and the basis of the worship of wealth.

Isn't it strange that man should submit to a mere custom, which enslaves him, and then, for centuries should continue trying to "slave" himself out of slavery, when he is assured that he is the rightful heir to the whole world and all its resources? Why doesn't he just take them?—legally, of course. It seems that the great mystery of the problem lies in its extremely simple simpleness. He has only to stop letting "matters of detail" befuddle his brain, and *do* it!

As proof of the unrighteousness of owning private property, we read in Luke 19 that Jesus, in talking to Zacchaeus, a rich man, and, of course, a sinner, said: "Today I *must* abide at *thy* house"; and before leaving there, one-half of that man's goods had been given to the poor and all wealth which he had obtained by graft, or falsehood, was refunded four-fold. In speaking of this case of confiscation, Jesus said: "The Son of Man came to *seek* and to save *that* which was lost," and also, "The works that I do shall they do also."

With the credit system ruined and the (business) world coming to an end, the most precarious condition one can be in is to be property poor. That man will understand all about the "seven-headed beast" (maintenance expenses), which John writes about in the Book of Revelations. Seek ye first the Kingdom of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Fools consider everything "mean" that isn't foolish.

A BARGAIN

To a child it seems the strangest thing
Of all the lessons he must learn,
While striving hard to be a man,
That honest work should failure bring;
That men get poor because they earn
The things we need. He hears the plan
Of priceless worth; how God decreed
That man should live upon the earth,
And have dominion over all
The things that are of any worth.
Then whence should come this awful pall
That seems on working men to fall?
He figures justly and with ease
That God has done His share to please.

And if the laws have been so made
By men too frightened to be true
To God's upright but simple plan,
Why should the workers be afraid
To frame *good* laws and use them to
All failures quell?—thus give to man
His heritage, and stop this hell
Which keeps us in a constant rage.
We must act legally, of course;
And thus to claim our heritage,
We never need resort to force,
Just take God's promise at its source.
The boy cannot imagine why
A bargain always spells a lie.

"Give us *this day* our daily bread" can never be "answered" while we measure values with a kind of money which can live to go into the future, past its rightful mission, and buy bread for thieves.

He came not to call the righteous, but sinners (who have other gods—own property) to repentance.

There is no power apart from love, and all that power is good; those powers which shrewdness seem to prove, are counterfeit. Why should we then support a plan which yields but grief and crime, with almost everyone almost "broke," almost all the time?

Those members of society who do not live a life of worth, are marked with full propriety, while wearing jewels of the earth. Where heads are used by social drones, or heart and hand work not for good, then deck the brow with precious (?) stones; your "neuter worth" is understood.

Should we attempt to supervise the raising of sap in each living plant, it would prove as possible and logical as to comply with the spurious claims of exchangeable money.

It is never so hard to adjust our troubles as it is to dread them. "To know and to understand is an universal remedy." So with "revolution" and "confiscation." Every improved method has revolutionized existing conditions and every new invention has confiscated old archaic tools, no matter who owned them, because it would "pay" to do so.

When a majority becomes aware that co-operation will pay better than competition then he who objects to confiscation will only be laughed at.

Every pure and holy thought looks, in its finality, towards repudiation of all debts and a denial of vested rights. It is only as we forgive our debtors that our debts can be forgiven; if this would disturb your interests it is proof that you are a king, a speculator or a gambler, and such have no place in my Father's plan.

What is a king? It is that usually unfortunate personage which is situated at the place where the desires and hopes of a people come to a focusing point. If those desires are for supremacy through military means, that focusing point will reveal a Kaiser or a T. R. If a people are striving for financial rule, you may find the place "held down" by bankers, magnates, etc. However, for all who would live, "All that life is for" their lens-view must include only true-hearted men, like Our Honest Abe, whose heart bled for all the oppressed; Thomas Paine with his "Age of Reason"; Tom Carlyle, to crush the mace of Royalty, and the many true but Paul-blinded martyrs who have kept alive the Story of Him, The Christ, Jesus, Son of Man, with The Truth Divine, The Power of Love.

The only Power that's strong and pure,
The only Power that can endure.

God is omnipotent. Let Him do the punishing here as well as hereafter; dismiss the police and soldiery that they may engage in useful work. By so doing the price-fixing element could not uphold their private titles four hours, and this would free other vast armies to engage in useful work. The real estate sharks, title abstractors, advertisers, bankers, stock jobbers, fake-fool-em-all-law-benders, pill mixers, political pirates, pulpit-hounding-wool-pullers, etc.

He who is not wholly free, is bound.
He whose future is pledged for debt, is a slave.

Our public schools required the same fierce struggle that all advance movements do. The property owning class often said, "Huh! tax me to educate that man's brats? Well, I guess not."

"My kingdom is not of this world." Think of this "business world" wherein men pray one day in seven, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors." Verily, that is often enough to practice such hypocrisy before the God of Love.

The man who is crazy (frightened) enough to *own* any stock in a profit-grabbing concern, is also crazy enough to take a gun and shoot his neighbor.

A working man, however noble, true and pure, goes to an employer, no matter how degraded, unchaste or disreputable, and says: "I (with my labor power) am for sale. Have you arranged a steal (or bargain) whereby you can exact a profit from someone by using me (my labor power) in their service? If so, please "give" me a job.

All property is managed in the interest of its owner; then if *man* (not a man) would enjoy the fruits of labor, we must own it collectively.

The man who refuses to work under unfair conditions is more honorable, though the nation perish, than he who thus works the worker, even though he live in opulence and enjoy the respect of potentates.

Never call a "business promoter" nor a "political boss" a dog; because a dog is considered man's best friend.

Is it a crime, punishable by poverty, to have the brain trained to direct the hands in the pursuit of noble and beneficial toil?

A curl of the lip, or a sneer, springs from prejudice, born of that race-destroying egotism acquired in the school of business.

All credit means future bondage.

In times of dire social distress, fire, floods, etc., we find ghouls robbing the dead. They do not drop from the sky, nor come in on wings for that particular purpose, so they must be with us now. Who are they? It is impossible to find and convict them, but we can know *what* they are. Every man whose morals have their tap root grounded in the false belief that the exchangeable dollar can impart a power greater than God, Love; that man is a ghoul. He is active here and now in this business world. The exchangeable dollar gives me the power, and the right (?) to sell the products of the labors of dead men and buy bread or meat. Does not this act border closely on a combination of ghoulishness and cannibalism? What is the cure? Acquaint all with the principles of Love; the basis of the co-operative commonwealth wherein every man shall be guaranteed a square deal and a chance to produce, honorably, and enjoy his share of life's needs.

Some hope for peace and riches now. You'll find such men, where'er you go, who have no plans for, why, or how; they know, for sure, what isn't so.

All those who have the leisure to know the higher life, and do not count it treasure, above mere sport or strife, are "money-mad," or foolish, pleased with some lullaby, or else are sickly, ghoulish—it takes them years to die.

While the conference at the Hague was in session in 1907, the members were discussing what should be termed a correct "declaration of war." When the old Chink Chinaman inquired, "Suppose your nations would declare war and your people would refuse to fight; what would you do?" The silence that followed was awful.

There is a mutual tolerance which passes for fellowship among the citizens of "this business world," but it never approaches genuine comradeship; it is counterfeit. Rather it is comrogueship. It has none of that soul dissolving trust and love which we should all know as "God's image and likeness." Ask that woman or man who has tasted of the dregs of money-getting in the slums, but has managed to brace up and has made good with the help of a noble and self-sacrificing mate. They know!

Except one has lived down in the social scale where the deadening influences of poverty are unavoidable, he cannot correctly diagnose the case of maddening idolatry which results from the private ownership of property.

Except our loves be spent in labor and our aspirations die, like seeds, to grow again, they constitute our greatest losses. It is not the things we "have" but "the life we give" that really pays.

"A little knowledge is dangerous"; but, as with a poor light, the remedy is "more knowledge."

You cannot be two things at one time. Let us not crave a reputation as "a good hand" for the boss. Rather, "Seek ye (of any race or color) first the Kingdom of"—self-respecting manhood, in God's image and likeness—"and all these things will be added unto you." This means exactly what it did nineteen hundred years ago.

When "the powers that be" shall have gone too far we the workers should refuse to talk about it at all, and if any one else speaks to us about it let us tell him, "If you will keep your mouth shut, no one will know you are foolish."

Do not poison your blood with hate; you have never had an enemy from any other cause than fear, that fear which tolerates unearned increments.

While we remain busy hating the bad, we cannot be loving the good. And while we are loving the good as we should, we have not the bad that we had.

None but a coward can harbor hate, or claim to own that which he has not earned.

The worst embezzler of all is he who robs his family to pay "interest rent and profits" to a class of won't-work-speculators.

Wherever my efforts at producing wealth, surpass my personal needs, there I became a servant of society or a thief. See St John 10:1-2.

So long as a contract can contain a trick clause, and be enforced in our courts, giving undue advantage to the owning or selling class as against the welfare of the producers of wealth, war will be with us.

One-third of the working class are living in enforced idleness or doing useless work. We could feed them much easier if they would let work entirely alone and not compete with us in the labor market.

Give me access to a privately-owned machine and I can soon grind out an army of the disemployed, and the larger said idle army gets to be, the cheaper and faster I will grind, to hold my job.

Policy and profits cause many men to shout "Hallelujah!" who do not care a whoop for the church nor its cause.

The greatest coward is he who knows of the blighting influence of money worship and refrains from preaching that truth.

Is it not as honorable to beg for bread as for a job, or to advertise for trade? Uncle Sam doesn't advertise postage stamps!

The prevalent attitude towards the unborn child, and those feeble with age, is one of mere tolerance if not hatred; either because we cannot afford to keep them, or else we covet the powers which wealth gives to them. These conditions result from the doctrines for which Paul would curse you if you do not believe they are ordained of God. See Gal. 1:8-9.

The heatheness earnestly pours forth her blinded conceptions of faith, hope, adoration and homage before her idol of wood, brass or gold, just as we are doing before god-ollar; *believing* she believes it will assist her in attaining to prosperity, development, success and happiness. It is the lost Adam; lost in the belief that material sense can know of Spiritual Truths: the only Truth. From a psychic or super-consciousness of self, God's image—which she fears it will not *pay* to listen to—she is, dum-driven-cattle-like, aware that her idol *is impotent*; that failure is inevitable. Because of this soul-strife her body becomes fevered to a point of virtue-burning, her skin is of a crimson glow and shame is overpowered. Her lover sees her rosy cheeks, and he, too, being an idolatrous pervert, believes it bespeaks the bloom of health and of Motherhood-hunger. The result is we all are living a state of moral perverseness which puts the beasts and the reptiles to shame. Is it not pertinent and opportune that we have a revolution—a turning over?

The only rule with which to correctly measure the labor movement, is "Before Abraham was, I am."

The man who is "making money" cannot enjoy the sublime truths of life, which once acquired, endure forever.

HIS MESSAGE

What causes the ills of our day?
 Why is it that Love is not known?
 Has God turned His children away,
 And reversed all that Jesus has shown
 Would be best for the poor and the meek
 Who love, and His Kingdom shall seek?

Then Jesus was teaching a lie,
 Or else in our business world
 We have twisted His message awry—
 Let all flags of mammon be furled,
 Let ownership cease to be known
 And the Christ shall have claimed His own!

He told us "Sell all that thou hast,"
 And then to "Give all to the poor."
 Old systems belong in the past,
 His kingdom shall ever endure.
 He always owned plenty of bread,
 But "not where to lay His head."

"My kingdom is not of this world."
 This message, so bold and so deep,
 Was equal to dynamite hurled
 At their plan of "To own and to keep."
 Those masters of nations and law
 Heard the message of Jesus with awe.

"The Kingdom of God is within:
 My Father and I are as one."
 And we may be cleansed from all sin
 When coveting wealth we shall shun.
 When the worship of ownership fails,
 We'll find that God's kingdom prevails.

Today God is calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Comrades, let us be found clothed only in that truth which "shall make you free" when the call is heard; that is, when the *credit* of "this world" is ruined—and we are as ready for it now as we ever will be—we *must not* get mad.

If we permit ourselves to be led into any kind of a fight with any person, we will be traitors to our class and a soldier for cowards.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF GOD'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.
A CONCRETE PLAN FOR ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION WORK.

PREAMBLES

WHEREAS, That small portion of men, known as "promoters and Captains of Industry," have completely failed in their part of the (unwritten) contract, whereby the workers were to be granted fair, right and prosperous living conditions, in return for doing the world's work; and

WHEREAS, That (unwritten) promise that any man, by practicing reasonable industry, frugality and economy shall, or may become rich, proves to be fallacious;

THEREFORE, I, the undersigned, having heretofore desired, and still desiring to live in a truly honorable, peaceful, just and upright manner, and realizing the importance and gravity of this act, do affix my name to the following agreements, of my own free will and accord; giving all due credit to the works and precepts of Jesus, Son of Man, whom I believe on, understand, as the truly great Revolutionist, Way-Shower, Leader and Teacher of the workers of the world. A Social rebel.

"THE WE CAN ACT"

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

I hereby promise and agree, upon my honor as a man, that I will fulfill all the several parts of the following agreement, completely and without compromise, upon any date adopted and designated as "Jubilee Day" for that purpose by the International Congress of the Socialist Party of the World, or any international organizations of working people.

I further promise and agree that I will, on and forever after said Jubilee Day, cease and refuse to support, by my vote or otherwise, any system of business, economic or labor-employing enterprise, which fosters, allows or recognizes any price for any commodity produced by labor other than the aggregate of time required to produce it plus the proper amount necessary to allow of the support and care of the serving class (teachers, barbers, etc.), the young, the aged and those incapable of qualifying as members of the working class.

I further promise and agree that on, and forever after, any date so established as Jubilee day, I will refuse to perform any labor, either manual or mental, for any private individual, corporation, association or concern of whatsoever kind, their agents or representatives, for pay.

I further promise and agree to render to society, under the guidance of the regularly elected, or their appointed managers of public works, to the best of my ability, all my portion of needed work, either mental or manual, *and no more*.

I further promise and agree that I will accept for all or any portion of my services so rendered to society, as my pay or wages, a non-

exchangeable labor check, denoting the hours and minutes of services rendered, or commodities to measure the equivalent thereof, said checks to be cancelled when used once as money to buy any article of value.

I am paying the sum of 25 cents, the same to be added as my portion to a general organizing fund, said fund to be used exclusively for the purpose of carrying this plan for World Peace to a successful conclusion.

I fully intend to say to some person, every day, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the following: "I signed 'The We Can Act' to help force every man to work who expects to eat."
(Signed) C. A. STRICKLAND.

.....
"Christianity Christianized"
.....

MODUS OPERANDI

To help make "The We Can Act" the largest signed document ever known, proceed in the following manner:

.....,

Copy the following "list heading," get twenty-five or more signers, and send it to "Office of Jubilee Tidings, Ashland, Ore." DO IT NOW.

* * * * *

We, the undersigned, wish to add our names as signers to "The We Can Act."

No.	NAME.	WHERE BORN.	OCCUPATION.
1.	F. U. Pleas		
2.	Mattie Matishun		
3.	John Doe		
* * * * *			

Be sure you keep a copy of the list properly numbered, and we will acknowledge receipt of it to (F. U. Pleas), the first name on the list, and explain how they are tabulated. Thus every signer may be informed where his or her name appears in the great list. Group No. 1 will continue this work until democratic rule can prevail. Any person eighteen years, or more, of age may sign "The We Can Act," and those who cannot write in English may make their mark (X) and F. U. Pleas will write the name for them.

We will report the number of signers to this list every six months to The Christian Socialist, 5437 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; The New Review, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, and the Socialist Review, London, England.

The first signer on each list of members should be a permanent resident in his locality and act as corresponding secretary for that group, to the end that uniform work may be secured by all signers, and thus we may complete this plan of World Peace by the workers. A secretary resigning must notify us who will act in his place.

This office will report to all group secretaries semi-monthly, or oftener if required, by letter or an official paper, all matters of progress or of interest in the movement.

The general secretary shall give sufficient bonds in favor of the Jubilee band, or as directed by this organization, to insure the honest and faithful performance of all duties required of him.

Group No. 1 has elected a board of managers of five members to properly conduct the organizing of the Jubilee Band and to start publishing our official paper, "The Jubilee Day Tide," through the columns of which the whole membership may have a voice in these affairs by the use of the initiative, referendum and recall. Each group secretary will receive this paper for one year.

A joining fee of 25 cents for each member signing "The we can act" must be sent to this office to create an organizing fund. Said fund shall be used exclusively for necessary office expenses, a general secretary to receive only fair pay for time actually worked in the duties of this office and as ordered by the members or their delegates by correspondence or otherwise for establishing the date "Jubilee Day" and to arrange for concerted action on that date, a world-wide labor strike unless civil service rules shall have been perfected by which all public work may be managed in the interest of MAN, and wages paid for such labor shall be in the form of a non-negotiable, non-lendable or profit-conveying time check which must be cancelled when used once as a purchasing medium.

If you can believe that this proposed movement deserves any consideration or mental analyzing, studying, by the workers of the world, then turn to and HELP to place the book "Jubilee Tidings" before a million readers and to send in five million signers to "The we can act" right away; this can be done in six months' time and by then it will either have attained to an irresistible force for "The Revolution" or it will, by its light as a reasoning stimulus show to us, the workers, a better way to build GLAD UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Take this book to those of the underworld; they are listening for it now.

This plan for World's Peace constitutes an universal labor union which will eliminate all jurisdictional quarrels, closed-shop fights, all strikes, boycotts, etc., etc., and make the price of everything produced by labor to be the labor-time required to produce it.

This movement is not for, by, nor against any party interests but to show that a large portion of the workers are ready to support a step toward "direct action" and actual construction work. And, because of their preparedness for world-wide action, we ask the Inter-

national Congress of Socialists, with the help of all other labor federations, to lead in this modern "Exodus."

We are determined to "come out" from the old-established customs which have promised riches by getting something for nothing and have always proven a means of placing wasteful and useless taxes and burdens on all who labor.

We and future generations can do this now and easier than we can bear the burden of debts which competition and capitalism have Pharaoh-like placed upon us.

We can agree on the right thing to do and the right time to do it as easily as we agree that a certain day of the week is "Monday" and Americans have never yet failed to find the right man for a leader in any time of a crisis.

Among all the plans put forth by kindly disposed individuals for the promoting of peace, none have yet suggested that the interests of LABOR require or deserve any consideration; as in all anti-Christian, or "business," proposals which led up to this and all other wars, labor is supposed to "take what we can get." But listen: We have been studying "the business bible"—the billboards and other disreputable advertising schemes, and have discovered the machinations of cowardice which impose on us the unbearable burdens of debts not our own, and when the war shall stop that burden will be many fold harder to bear. The "good times" promised to us must lead to unprecedented labor troubles.

The bond of servitude co-operant with private employment **MUST** be thrown off regardless of anybody's vested interests and we **MUST** cease all quibblings over matters of detail which keep us befuddled and adopt a **PRINCIPLE** which admits only of **JUSTICE** (see page 33) and enforce it by laying down all working tools until it shall become **THE LAW OF THE WORLD**. But the suggested "strike" need never be called, the (supposed) "powers that be" will have died of their own fright before Jubilee Day shall have arrived and Jubilee Day will prove it to be the harbinger of the Christmas Spirit to be with us all the year round.

So mote it be.

All public work will be proposed by petition and ordered by vote of the people concerned. The work will be executed under the guidance of managers elected by the workers who are to serve society under them. Thus the craft union may serve its usefulness as the guardian and dispenser of our social labor energies.

Every person signing "The we can act" places themselves on the side of, and is, a "Savior of the World."

The list of signers to "The we can act" need not wait for the date of action but it will **LEAD** us into **INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**.

A laughing mother is the rarest gem; why live a system that prohibits them?

“Christ” means almost revolution—
 Changed ideas, new designs;
The word applies to evolution
 More than miracles or signs;
So, then, Jesus treated mostly
 With the economic state!
But the church’s old-style dogmas
 Tend our Heaven to belate.

“By the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread,” was spoken to every man; it grants to the hobo, the speculator and the usurer the right, and commands them to cease gambling. It takes from our prayers that too prevalent stigma, “Oh, what can I get from God?”

Fifty years ago it required more than seven hundred minutes of labor to produce a bushel of wheat but with the improved methods now in use it costs less than seventy-two minutes of labor. All commodities and labor can and shall be measured by time.

For instance; were it democratically decreed that a farmer should receive six hours’ time credit for a bushel of standard quality of wheat produced, from this basis all manner of work can be justly measured and paid for and thus, God being our employer and paymaster, all men will be brother-workers.

It is only by popular will, expressed at industrial elections, to be held probably every three months, that proficiency can be correctly measured and paid for, or the World’s work be properly arranged under the piece-price plan.

The banking and other “interests” have no use for gold as a measure of exchange of values other than to use it as a symbol, a basis or a focusing point for their manner of legislating which steals true values away from labor. A material pope for godollar. Nothing has any value until “needed” labor is expended to bestow value upon it.

By their (the interests) permission we apply a system of checking to this false power wrongfully bestowed on gold by which we transact business. These checks are destroyed when used once, to prevent them from usurping any of that supposed or falsely eternalized power which is merely “claimed” for gold.

I must bear arms in war because my dollar is worth one hundred cents to a thief.

Your boy must be a cringing bluffer, a scientific beggar, a heartless gambler, ethically a pervert or a financial failure, unless you join with “The Jubilee Band” to stop fighting for Caesar’s coin and render unto God, through His image and likeness, that which be Gods.

To take a profit in any deal, or to shift any burden onto another, is to deny the Christ.

HIS LAW

Ye shall not take thought of the morrow,
 Of what ye shall eat, drink or wear.
 These words might a strike leader borrow
 While pleading with scabs to act fair.
 While Jesus, so plainly inviting
 All labor to "come unto Me,"
 He used the best means for uniting
 All workers, to strike and get free!

There were multitudes idle to hear him;
 (A strike or its equal was on.)
 The wealthy class surely did fear him.
 (The Union was started by John.)
 But surely his efforts for labor,
 Their rights to have freedom and bread,
 Must come through his law, "Love your neighbor."
 'Tis the greatest commandment, He said.

This means that no people can flourish
 With class interests nagging galore.
 Each worker must dignity cherish—
 Do his share of the work, and *no more*.
 When we own all machines and all power,
 The same as the light of the sun,
 God's love will descend like a shower;
 God's Kingdom will then have begun.

He called every man as a brother
 To join in one movement for peace;
 Not in crafts, to break strikes 'gainst each other,
 But told them all warring must cease.
 How better to heed His glad tidings,
 Than by joining this jubilee plan?
 To cease all industrial chidings
 Vote for *love* as the *Father of Man*.

No man who speculates, or gambles in any way, can live at peace
 with his own conscience.

The serpent correctly typifies Sin personified, because it claims sole possession of any territory it occupies and inflicts the death penalty on all who question it in that right. The serpent's fangs are correctly pictured in the capitalist's police and army while protecting their paper titles. Thus private ownership is the basis of sin. All minor evil acts are incidental to this dis-ease. And it all rests on *your* false hope of "getting rich," sometime, while (worshiping) paying interest, rent and profits to a serpent.

The Scriptures contain the safe rule to guide every action of life, despite its many honest critics and blind advocates. Of them "not knowing the Scriptures ye do err." It is a story of love, Spiritual, and cannot be discerned in conjunction with material values—"other gods." It must be freed of all these before it is Love. "Behold *what manner* of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the Sons of God." This love and the business world do not mix. From this point of view, Paul was very excusable for not striving with the working class, because, that man who lives and labors for a wage, or for gain, is not of, he *has not* that which is savable. He is outside the law of life. He falsely assumes and in fear lays claim to that which no man can be: the owner of God's creation. Men can only be *man*, the sons of God, by collectively owning and managing these things through governmental departments. "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*"

God is not waiting for a time nor the opportunity to do anything. His work is done, and it is "very good." But the at-one-ment does not admit of one man being a master and others being servants (as per: I-me-my; Paul). Let us work for society only. The few owners of property will soon tire of supporting their courts and armies, which exist for property's protection alone, and will hasten to be with us who happily serve for man's needs and not for interest, rent or profit; these are the "— — other gods before Me" and are dead already if denied our support.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." His hire! not the bosses' hire, which is pressed on him by keeping a reserve of idle men through long hours of labor always bidding for the bosses' hire at a lower and lower price.

Human nature is the effect of society's acts reflected upon itself. This shows our crimes and shortcomings to be a disease, a disease which only faith can cure, and we are always registering our faith when we vote.

* * * * *

The humpin cats! It says here, to let the land hogs foreclose all the'r mortgages, an' to let 'em pay all the taxes the polititions wants, an' support their own police and armies to defend the'r paper titles; and then we won't work for 'em! The hokey pokeys! w'y say!—if there hain't no hell, w'y what's a-body goin' to do?

NINE DON'TS

Is it consistent to claim
 That love is the motto we hold,
And still be so anxious to blame
 Our brother for failures untold?
Jesus reproached those who knew,
What 'twas their duty to do,
But lived to beguile, to cheat in a trade,
Or practice those tricks whereby fortunes are made.
You wealthy promoters, you great money kings,
 You have no right to the swag.
Don't be too sure of the pleasure it brings;
 Don't be too haughty; don't brag.
Armies have turned to deliver their stings,
And fortunes, like crowns, shall be obsolete things.

You men of the world's busy marts,
 You know you are not dealing fair;
And peace from his presence departs
 Who cringingly fosters despair.
Life is too grand to be spent,
Harboring hate, discontent.
Throw off these shackles which bind you in fear,
Know that all human-kind cherish as dear
The right to be noble, a chance to live sane.
 Should you their efforts defeat?
Don't make your living by profits and gain,
 Don't sell a falsehood, don't cheat.
You seek for Heaven, but seek it in vain.
It is here, and within you; look up, and attain.

The man at the plow or his trade,
 And the laborer delving each day,
Or the hobo who never has made
 A success of some "job" that will pay---
You are the salt of the earth,
Makers of all that's of worth.
Make not a wage your incentive in life;
Study the causes, the source of all strife.

Take note how that love is left out of the plan.

Hate being wrong, love is right.

Don't try to master the evils of man;

Don't be revengeful; don't fight.

To win in life's purpose no hypocrite can.

This truth for our motto will lengthen life's span.

God, Infinite Mind, created all. There was nothing made that He did not make, and He pronounced it all "very good." His supply is limitless; yet all are starving in some degree. This seems inconsistent. It is. *Man always will be as he worships!* While we worship, that is, in any manner, respect, honor with our homage, protect as men, police, courts or armies, any power vested in paper titles, business laws or a job, as our supply, apart from God, we in cowardice are charging God with a lie! All our sickness, trials and wars are an effect, not a cause; are simply evil destroying itself. Let us cease fighting with men, or the truth, in an attempt to force the effect to master its cause. Every man can serve *society* in the capacity of an architect, manager, or laborer with far better results and an assured success, than he can continue to slave to the fear-born plan of private ownership.

To claim that all men or nations which have become rich and great, were dishonest, would be a misstatement of the facts and is not the claim put forth in this work. The developers and all workers deserve all good things they can eat, drink, wear or use in life, and the love of all men. It is the promoters, the schemers, who have taken from others and have not returned to society a full equivalent in values; the perverter of business; he is the "scorpion, the viper, the whited sepulcher," full of dead men's bones (men he has starved), who is now controlling business. He must step down and out. To compel this we must build and install "a new order of things," allowing the workers to act as agents for society, and use a kind of money which cannot act in an atmosphere of speculation.

Over the entrance to the Egyptians' Temples was inscribed the motto, "Man, know thyself." Try this plan. Never hesitate for one moment to fully and frankly *forgive* yourself. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." In this way alone, can you find yourself "naked" of all error and not "ashamed"; and this Truth you will *know*; that when doing that which made forgiveness necessary or possible, you *was not* yourself; and this "Truth shall make you free"; because man grows to be like what he likes best to be.

Business men suffer financially; the workers suffer physically, and all suffer morally and spiritually, as each must and should while he supports a plan of life wherein his dollar is worth a hundred cents to a thief.

JUST PLAIN TRUTHS

With great authentic force He taught,
And contradicted priests and scribes.
The customs of the world He fought,
With bitter words condemned all bribes.
He told the publicans to cease
Exacting more than honest fees.
He bade the soldiers stand for peace,
And promised joy and health and ease.

He taught "In Love is liberty,"
He warned us of our awful plight.
He measured all who *will not see*,
More wicked than a Sodomite.
And in their synagogue a man
Whose spirit was depraved, unclean,
He healed; but by the Christian plan,
Of ousting crime, leaves man serene.

In words suggesting plain revolt
He hurled invective at those laws
Which measure weakness as a fault
And give to hypocrites applause.
By nearly every Truth He taught,
He would subvert "the powers that be."
"The poor ye have" because ye sought
Relief, through saving property.

In parables and open word
He told the owners of the land,
In strongest language ever heard,
That they before God's truth must stand,
Condemned and doomed, forever lost,
And nothing but entire change
Of methods could remit the cost.
And thus God's Kingdom He'd arrange.

He told those fishermen to "cast
Their nets upon the proper side,"

And then He gave them power at last
To gather men, *their* efforts guide.
To qualify for catching men
It seems they had to leave their boat.
The system we have now, as then,
Needs changing . . . simply change your vote!

The "We Can Act" is an universal labor union, a federation of all good fraternities. It will revolutionize the world without strife or bloodshed. It is the first traitor-proof plan ever offered for redeeming the world. False friends cannot join and wreck it from within with poisoned love as did Paul before, for "The powers that be." Hired spies or thugs cannot defame it before the great jury—public opinion. It is what it is! "If ye are not with me, ye are against me." Smite it on the right cheek, and it can turn also the left. It will put Christianity, so long "laid off," to work again.

Jesus knew that Children's trainings
Mark man's gauge of loss or gainings.
Of all desires which children know
The strongest is an equal show.

Our Bible does not give any account of the life of Jesus between the age of 12 or 13 and 31 years.

There are records kept in the temple of Persia which chronicle the important events of the world's history for many thousands of years prior to the advent of the Christian era. Among these documents there is an account of the Life and Adventures of the Man Jesus of Nazareth. A copy of these records is also kept in the Vatican at Rome, but they are suppressed because they would discommode "the powers that be."

It is therein stated, in effect, that Jesus was born to the family of Joseph, who was a carpenter and resided in Nazareth, which city was a place of refuge for such broad-minded and outspoken infidels and free thinkers as were menacing the powers of the priestcraft throughout Galilee, who were then, as now, the tools of the industrial, political and commercial bosses.

Under the blissful and strengthening influence of such social environments, Jesus was enabled to develop his Honest and Natural Nature.

When at the age of 13 (the Bible says 12) He was taken to the temple at Jerusalem to be confirmed into the dominant church, a custom which by law was mandatory and binding on each family, Jesus exhibited such wonderful knowledge of life and possessed such strong reasoning faculties that He astounded the wise men. Because of this, arrangements were made whereby He was enabled to attend school and acquire all the knowledge obtainable at Rome, then at Athens, and for a number of years He traveled and studied throughout the Orient and Persia, where He also

learned the arts of the magicians and of healing with DIVINE TRUTH UNDERSTANDINGLY APPLIED.

Upon returning to His native country He found the "worthy masses, the producers of wealth," suffering under the iron heel of the law-favored and church-encouraged tyrannizing "powers that be" to a degree that was unbearable, and a revolution, or labor war, was imminent.

His teachings of non-resistance, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," His counsel to "resist not evil," to base all our actions on absolute justice, was threatening to thwart the insidious customs and plans of the captains of industry. This would inaugurate a system of equity, justice and love to control the affairs of men, and men COULD be honest, noble and chaste. It would dispense with the usurer, the robbers and all social parasites. It would render their armies useless and enable the very large percentage (now it is one-third) of all men engaged at useless labor to become creditable members of a happy society (Heaven), where fear, misery, greed and crime are unknown, and place the means necessary for SOUL CULTURE in the reach of all.

For these, His divine precepts, He was arrested, late at night, on trumped-up charges, tried before a prejudiced court, convicted before morning and nailed to the cross during the ensuing day. The whole procedure was unlawful and unprecedented in the annals of Roman history.—Remember Ludlow, Colorado.

With the diffusion of knowledge among the humble of mankind, crude and rudimentary though it be, hearts are throwing off fear, men are gaining courage and strength, the god of mammon ceases to be loved and worshiped because Truth proclaims it a false god.

In exactly this proportion are we becoming the followers of "The Meek and Lowly."

Except for the revolving motion of the world, which causes us to go into its shadow once in twenty-four hours, Time has not changed one iota since Jesus declared that priest-ridden, ownership-strangled, soldier-stained and mammon-cursed Humanity may enjoy happiness when men shall repent.

"Now is the accepted time," in fact this is the same time as when Jesus walked the earth and admonished the owners of wealth to forsake their evil ways, beseeching all men to live natural human nature. "(Be)come (like) unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I(t) will give you rest."

Jesus worked always from the viewpoint of *mind*. In exercising His, and our, wonderful powers, he would say: "Thy sins be forgiven thee," or, "According to your faith be it unto you." In His last talk with His disciples He said of all who believe and live in the power of mind: "They shall speak with new tongues," not as the dead, in fear and (business) torment. "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

Notice Saul's or Paul's experience (no man is free from suspicion who changes his name). When a poor, half-roasted viper crawled out of the fire he threw it back in again. Those heathens (?) who saw it thought he was an escaped murderer. Such impressions were never made on any people by the works that Jesus did and "the poor heard Him gladly."

If you know a lawyer who boasts of great strength because there are others who are weaker than he; who nurses a special grouch against organized labor, and who hates women because they do not make him behave as he ought to, inquire about him carefully to learn if his name might not once have been "Saul."

He who keeps the first commandment need never fear breaking the other nine.

They will keep him, for God is omnipresent and complete love;
There is no hell for him, for hell is "being out of harmony with love,"
and love has no use for the private title.

Where the private title is, there, love stands, a
Naked, Weeping, Bound, Slave!

Never but two persons have refused to forgive.

One was the devil, the other was a capitalist; and they were both governed by the same reason;

They will go broke if they do, and vanish from the minds of men.

"So Mote it be."

To take up one's cross in Jesus' day meant to expect to be crucified for the stand one had taken. The man who today will sponsor the welfare of the workless army—that large class who were promised food and shelter for their labor, by the owning class, but receive a stone (the policeman's club) when asking for bread—becomes a social outcast, and often a stranger in his home for his pains. As the list of signers to "The We Can Act" shall grow, it will become popular to cease worshipping the god of mammon, born of the fear of cowards and all nations will establish their departmental heads in readiness to manage all the world's work as required for the good of all men.

Jesus said: "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Surely from this debt-laden tree of civi-lie-rob-steal-ization we can gather nothing of moral worth; it bears only a fungus growth of "other gods" which are not even fit for fuel.

Jesus did not consider "The Father, God," as a man-shaped being, a physical-like person, or He would not have prayed, "Our Father 'which' art in Heaven." He would have said "who art—"

Any man who can and does, by act or word, lend any aid to the principles of harmonious conduct in the actions of men is a world's savior.

It is significant that in His example of a perfect prayer, Jesus said: "Thy Kingdom come (first before), Thy will (can) be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

REVOLUTION

"My kingdom is not of this world."

"Not knowing the Scriptures ye err."
Our Savior such opposites hurled
At the friends of such customs as were
The bulwarks of sinners and sin.
He told us such customs *must* fail,
While no one his works shall begin
God's kingdom can never prevail.

"Sell out, and give all to the poor,"
Or "Thus build the great Commonwealth."
"The usurer is a misdoer."
(His maxims seemed good for the health.)
His sayings should broaden our minds,
Encourage the heart to grow strong
In the fight against customs and kinds
Of a world that He told us was wrong.

Ye have heard said "an eye for an eye."
But if you would lessen discord,
You must let every evil pass by
And forgive; for we cannot afford
To live from "Our Father" apart.
And, "Come to the Father by me."
That is, you must open your heart
To a world that from profit is free.

The coward who kneels before gold
Would tell us the Savior is wrong;
God's blessings were meant to be sold;
That the weak must give in to the strong,
But the workers should say, like the Christ,
That death is the portion of all,
Who are from God's Kingdom enticed,
"Let Satan like lightning fall."

That noble soul, Frances Willard, believed and taught for twenty years that intemperance was the cause of poverty, until the theories of economics advanced by the Socialists convinced her that poverty is the cause of intemperance.

The Soul which enjoys the service
Of a pure and active mind
Will protect and shield the body
From disease of every kind.

In almost every case before the courts of today, involving the integrity or independence of the workers, that same disdainful retort which Jesus made before Pilate will apply: "Thou sayest I am a King" (but am I, where vested rights are affected?)

The Supreme and Divine Truths of life are not hidden from each one of all men more than they were from Jesus; should we refuse to know or respect any values or powers other than Truth, as He did. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." This is not a visionary dream. He was a thorough mechanic whose foundations were sure, and His teaching need not lessen one's prowess for any calling which pertains to *real life*. It is only by the idolators that any change of mind (to repent) is required, and they, by losing their life, shall find it.

The real truths of life, the sublime truths, the Supreme truth; those which cannot be spoken, written nor depicted to physical sense but must be soul-discerned, are more readily acquired by the feminine mind than by the masculine. This because woman's sympathies are not so fear-ridden as man's, enabling her to the better "be" what she believes, and this is the only way *to believe*. The wife of Caiaphas showed this by sending to him the warning, "Have thou nothing to do with this just man" (Jesus). She would have thwarted the foul conspirators, from Rome and Antioch, which were weaving "business tactics" around the Christ to crush the truths of life and "the dignity of labor." They are one and the same. Also the two Marys were the first to know that "His truths had risen" and must *live* forever.

To talk as Jesus talked, to rebuke as He rebuked, and to love as He loved is the only means by which we can, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Why *must* we love Jesus? Because through His teachings we are enabled to love the Love which He loved—the Love Divine—which always answers to all love with love, the love which the world is starving for.

In Jesus' parable of a householder, hiring laborers, into his vineyard as recorded in Matt. 20 we find workers being asked, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" And they answered, "Because no man hath hired us." This ought to eliminate the practice of going from place to place, begging the boss for a job. This boss hired some men early in the morning, some at the third hour (nine o'clock), some at the sixth, and at the ninth, and others at the eleventh hour (five P. M.), and at the evening he paid them all the same wage. This surely justifies the minimum wage scale as enforced by the labor unions; and then some.

INTROSPECTION

If such a thing were possible that all the values known
Should be by deed and lawful claim for one man, all his own,
Among the world's great sinners this man would stand alone.
And such a thing is possible.

'Tis ownership makes slaves of us and children yet to come,
It forces evil methods, from the palace to the slum.
We should cleanse our social system of its "private title" scum.
And such a thing is possible.

When Jesus said to Zaccheus: "Come down from out that tree!
I represent the workers and your wealth belongs to me!"
He gave to all mankind this hint, "'Tis easy to be free."
And such a thing is possible.

The great magnates who rule now, like Carnegie with steel---
As Rockefeller handles oil or Morgan made a deal;
All such would find great pleasure to serve the commonweal.
And such a thing is possible.

Do not sneer at Jesus for His manner of birth until you can prove that every birth is not a miracle. Were it to be conceded that His death on the Cross, and that He arose on the third day, was all a slave-scaring and hope-twisting frameup against labor, yet this could not detract in the least from the value and wonderful import of His teachings, His Life Work, "Blood." He taught us to do as He did. "Follow Me" and become rich. "Inherit the earth." He was of the working class, despised of snobs, then as now, but it is not recorded that He ever served a profit-monger for a wage, yet He wore the finest of robes and was accorded the honors due to a Potentate when He rode on an ass' colt into Jerusalem at the head of the multitudes, "and they strewed palms in the way."

"In His Name" should be held as a more solemn and binding pledge than was ever taken before the altar of Free Masonry, the power of Rome, the Mormon hierarchy, or any other earthly institution, because "In His Name" must be fulfilled all the law and the prophets.

The man Jesus was crucified because He taught, "Stop fighting the rich man's wars." "Love one another"; do not try to get rich; "Give us *this day* our daily bread." "Do not let the fear of want drive you to hate any man."

To do the right thing at the right time makes one a hero.

IF ONE HAS THE BRAINS (?)

Let's reason together a while—

Make life's purpose full if we can—

Stop measuring persons as vile;

Let all people answer as *man!*

Then, if man has fallen, let's lend him a hand.

This discord is needless, when all understand

The power of Spirit, Omniscient Mind,

The law of adhesion where kind attracts kind.

As primitive man, like the child,

Knew no law but family ties,

With ownership was not beguiled—

Owned everything under the skies.

He had not yet fallen from Faith into fear.

His smile was serene—not the hypocrite's leer.

But when idol worship (the worship of gold)

Broke Love's first Commandment, his birthright was sold.

Then physical strength he invoked.

Fear of want made him, master or slave.

Love was murdered and envy provoked

Him to war from his youth to the grave.

But when genius gave weaker men weapons to fight,

The shrewd framed religion to prove might was right;

That shrewdness (the Devil) made ownership's claim

The god which we worship today. Oh, the shame!

Now shrewdness or cunningness fails;

The mass have awakened at last.

The brainy boss weeps and assails

Every faith, but a faith in the past.

Competition is waning, its purpose is done,

And co-operation, already begun,

Brings the promise of harmony, peace, and good-will

True, Christ-like religion its mission shall fill.

First, cowards with muscles made laws,

And *their* henchmen managed the courts;

God's image was measured as flaws
 And subdued by misguided cohorts.
 But the little red schoolhouse has opened its doors,
 And the little red flag floats on all ocean shores.
 Now the dank day of muscle, the shrewdness of brains,
 Is yielding ot Spirit, as the bond of Love gains.

"Except ye become as a little child."

I had long desired to analyze this point of logic, so I borrowed one of those Plutolator's magic reading glasses from the commercial club's office to read it by. Accidently I was using the glass invertedly, but I saw the child go to his father, and he said, "Papa, give me your knife; I want to make some-p-m." The father frowned and said, "Run along, son; if you fool around here I will get fired, and a hundred hungry slaves are bidding 'a lower wage' for my job now."

As the boy turned away I saw him protrude his tongue, and it caught a salty tear as it trickled from off his cheek. His little fists were clinched tightly, and as he tossed his head defiantly at some unseen force (his father's enslavement) he said half aloud, "To hell with your knife; I don't want it." Noticing the position of the glass, I turned it over and read—"debauched, tramp, agitator! Sedition!!"

I hurriedly turned the glass again to have one more look at the boy, but he was gone. However, I heard, as a sort of an echo from somewhere—"have life—and have it more abundantly."

What boy or man can go seeking a job and not find it, or find, and by force, take a job for some private grab-it-all-boss, which is impossible, is poison to his temperament and nature, without becoming dazed, perverted, a social rebel? And all fair-minded business men are in the same leaky boat. It is *not* the police which makes us good citizens. The wonder is that we have not more criminals than we have. Here are the causes for war, in the home or among societies and nations. If you have the strength to live above these conditions you can find no better investments than to "lend a hand" in the *revolution* (don't be afraid of the word. A modern saw revolves many times to make a log into good lumber, but it proves far better than the old hand-power whip-saw). We can never benefit by destructive methods nor by punishing for a weakness. To crush a man, be he a bum or a king, only leaves a hole in "My Word" like the pulling of a tooth.

You head-wagging, whilom wiseacres, know this: When you are answering a child's simple questions in a way to infer that there is any other power than Infinite mind, you are swindling that child out of all that life is for, or else showing it that your field of life is a barren waste.

The person suffering with cowardliness is prone to nourish that disease; he will scare himself to justify it until he has no country to love and no love to enjoy.

Such were they who maligned our Lord (law-ward) and branded Him "A perverter of the people."

The strength used by the child to grow in stature, to learn to walk, to talk and to play, is achieved through the incentive born of hope which is the fruits of love. The man whose soul is so commercialized, who so lives "the business life" that he cannot know a truth except it be backed up by the hard, cold cash, does not have that hope divine. Has ceased to grow. He has rejected all claim to life eternal. To appease his craving for real life, he seeks the exciting sports or poses as a philanthropist, which course only fastens the curse of death the more securely upon him. He surely is preparing to enter the next state of existence as an idiot.

There never were, nor are not now, any wicked men. We appear so because, through fear and custom we use the physical senses as an *inverted* telescope to negatively view God's Truths, and our distorted consciousness makes the impossible to appear to function as the real, that is, that the created is greater than the Creator. Thus instead of *living* "in tune with the Infinite" we harmonize only with apparent evil. These no-truths derive their influence (not power) over man, only to the extent that we "be-lieve"; give them supersedence over "dominion."

Should not a man having "full dominion over all the earth" be held criminally liable for resultant conditions were he to pay interest to a usurer, rent to a loafer, or profits to a gambler? What better plan to foster laziness, greed and crime? While *we* submit to serve any private interests "for a wage" we are upholding all these things, and all our many prayers can be expressed as follows: "Damn the workless workers; but Oh, you idle rich!"

Now, with "The We Can Act," as a perfect scaffolding—"And, behold, the Lord stood beside a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand. And the Lord said unto me, 'Amos, what seest thou?' And I said, 'A plumbline.' We may build the 'house not made by hands, Eternal in the Heavens.'" (Harmony.) And every widow's cow attached, every mother and babe evicted to the street for rents unpaid, and every man whose life's savings are snatched by the tricking of a coward, these things show us the way to use the plumbline of dignity, and, "The working tools," a money that is used but once and is then cancelled like a postage stamp.

Some people cannot know of their little happiness except by having lots of (borrowed) trouble to measure it by, and so some cannot know of their great poverty except by having great wealth to measure it by.

As the dew is a part of the ocean, each atom is a part of the whole; by dividing the masses as warriors, claiming each has a separate soul, crazy kings, gone mad over ownership, have weaned men away from true life, and polluted the "one present moment" with Religio-political strife.

"Do" leads to life; "don't" results in death.

MARY MAGDALENE

The first time that Jesus made known
That *He* gave "the water of life"
He talked with a woman alone,
Who had failed in her calling as wife.
When the priests and the elders would bring Him defeat
They asked His authority, called him a cheat.
He then said, "The harlots, the publicans, too,
Go into God's Kingdom of Love before you."

While He dined with the rich Pharisee,
Where caste lines were strict and complete,
A woman in scarlet made free
To enter and weep at His feet.
He did not condemn her; severely He frowned,
On social conditions where harlots are found.
He freely forgave her and said to his host,
"Such love as this woman hath profits the most."

True love is most rare in this age,
But pity has taken its place.
Can purity act on the stage
That is set for foul play and disgrace?
And all who have joined in this mad race for wealth
Must disregard purity, virtue and health;
Must sanction all wretchedness, however vile—
Be on terms of endearment with things that defile.

He urged His disciples to pray,
To watch, lest temptation for gain
Should cause them to seek after pay;
For thus would His efforts be vain.
The poor heard Him gladly, the rich did not heed.
His power was sufficient to heal or to feed.
His love was most freely bestowed on those few
Who love more sincerely than most mortals do.

"Then such is the cross I must bear
Because of man's owning the ground.

With misery, grief and despair,
 My portion in all ages found.
 But, stranger than fiction, 'tis hard to believe
 The Christ-Love spurns riches; nor will it deceive.
 But dark clouds of greediness hide it from view,
 'Till life is perverted—and sane acts are few.”

The white slave traffic, which is just now being discovered, has been a thorn in the side of civilization, simply because a pimp's dollar commands the same reverence as does the wage paid for a small portion (one-fifth) of the values rendered by labor.

Many of the best girls, upon being encouraged to dress a little extra nice, when they are expected to meet “young Mr. Big-wallet” at the strawberry festival, have, by their natural and complete intuition, seen through the thin veil of sham morality which drapes the throne of god-ollar. They have rightly reasoned that this procedure in its finality means placing their lives, their love and honor, on the market for a price, and in their exasperation have thrown off all restraints and plunged into the vortex of “booze and the bright lights” where the stream of dollars, flowing over the riffles of debauchery, plays an accompaniment to the counterfeit music of competition's revelry. No person would tolerate a life of shame in any degree did it not promise “easy money!” all of which is stolen by “business tactics” from the world of labor; and this because your dollar is worth one hundred cents to *me*. It is no more akin to human nature than is the delirium which accompanies a fever. It is “money-phobia” from just one viewpoint.

A sure way to stop entertaining thoughts that are not pure and wholesome is to serenely assume a state of poise and get busy thinking of noble deeds and the general welfare of all mankind. “Resist the devil and he will flee from you.” All evils die when left alone, but they kill every man whose trust is reposed in them.

Who denies the cowardliness of the plea commonly made when any fake scheme is to be investigated, that “Widows and orphans are stockholders in the concern?” How came they to be such? And now, by the grace of true Christian principles, which since the days of Paul have only been “peddled,” being applied to bread and butter getting, we declare that on Jubilee Day, Mr. Private Promoter, we QUIT you! Then to “sell all that thou hast and give to the poor” will be a paying proposition, for every worker may secure his portion of beneficial work to do and may stop cursing the Divine conscience with the excuses of the money mad.

Sincere, voluntary and necessary labor, is the prayer that is always answered. Pray for “The we can act.”

THE SCOURGE OF THONGS

Woe unto ye who blindly vote
 For prostitution in your homes.
 And children cursed with tyrant's greed.
 For every mortgage, bond or note
 Which yields the rich man's palace domes,
 A hundred workers live in need.

These city slums are of my choice,
 For profits are their source of life;
 'Tis putage, drink and every crime
 I sanction, or I'd raise my voice
 And vote, to end commercial strife—
 'Gainst profit taking through all time.

Yes "guilty; aye, more guilty still;
 'Twas I who struck the fatal blow"
 By my support of party's plans
 Which disregard my Father's will,
 And keep mankind divided so,
 In nations, parties, creeds and clans.

In every factory, field or mart—
 "E'en though I make my bed in Hell"—
 My Father's house fills all of space.
 There is no worship in his heart
 Who parts from love to buy or sell,
 Takes profits from the populace.

As Jesus used the scourge of thongs,
 His act would banish every thief
 From private trade in man's domain,
 And this would heal the myriad wrongs
 Which have their base in false belief—
 Permitting God, Good, Love; to reign.

Organized charities and fraternal bodies are striving to use the morning light of this coming "day of Jubilee." Co-operation will soon free us all from these "I'm-better-than-thou, or "Roman Citizen" ideas—Paul-like-prejudices.

As God and you and I are one, so was the "Father and the Son." Who reasons truthfully the most lives nearest to the Holy Ghost.

The best life insurance is co-operation; neighborly love is treason against god-ollar.

When the speculator asks, "What will you give me for a piece of land?" he uses just the proper words. The title he holds only represents a steal, made sometime, and many stolen profits since then, so the price he gets is given him.

One may as well try to gain true friends by arguing that two times two are five, as by arguing to defend the merits of competition.

Selfishness and greed film the windows of the soul with pessimism and pictures of failure.

We measure "human nature" in a way to make of it an excuse for our own narrow fears. This results in the use of force.

We all love baseball, wherein the players merge their identity into the rules of the game. The world's work would be just such a game under co-operation. We will all love the game and love all the game.

The Humane Society will not allow a man to always milk a cow he refuses to feed. How about big business?

Early in the nineteenth century a boy held the lid down on a kettle of boiling water with a stick. The steam pressure ejected the water onto the fire, putting it out, for which he had his ears boxed, but the power of steam was thus discovered and now we make and operate machines by machinery greatly to the advantage of Caesar's tribe, the moneyed schemers. Nineteen hundred years ago a man "Son of Man" showed us that evil has no power except that of a rebound caused by our resistance to truth and bade us cease to love private riches but love one another. The ancient gods may have given "this land to this tribe" and "that land to that tribe," but Our Father is not in the real estate business. When all land becomes "No man's land" every man shall sit under his own vine and eat of his own fig tree.

So long as "Old Issues" command us "Now don't!" can we live our own natural selves? With ruinous schemes always kept to the front, can we live our own natural selves?

The man who prays, "Thy kingdom come," and does not fully understand; that one co-operative home, must bless this unincumbered land, *he* gabbles like a goose.

The Christ has never been "in business" and diplomatists like Constantine can never again, by "driving a bargain" with the priestcraft, crush to death a growing faith.

The man who will sell his vote, or refuses to lend a hand for the right, as he sees it by not voting at all, places himself today in that same mob of thugs who cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

NOTICE

Our Constitutions guarantee
 The right to Life and Liberty!
 And such pursuits as men shall find
 Bring happiness of every kind.
 But Justice does not set a price
 Due anyone for time unused,
 And he who gains by wrong advice
 Has every guarantee abused.

And also, on the other hand,
 We cannot boast of "Our Free Land"
 With willing men deprived of work,
 While wealthy rogues can boldly shirk.
 Though thieves have all our laws arranged,
 To break them would defame our cause.
 But Constitutions *can* be changed!
 So *labor* forms the base for laws.

This plan is not an upstart movement of recent date, but is the result of all the world's agitating, just as butter comes by churning cream.

It is treason to be crying "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace; and no one does so except he be enjoying the fruits of others' labor, and, like a thief, wishes to be let alone.

To be spiritually awakened constitutes the only true riches, and those having a surfeit of material wealth are the really poor among us.

Now let the lowly Son of Man
 Be proclaimed to the world again—
 As "He that is born," whose God-like plan
 Shall rule the lives of men.

Would you help make society better? Then begin at the bottom to build; cease to honor the "gambling getter." Make of workers a National Guild. Encourage the weak to be stronger, worship wealth as our god no longer; treat the meanest man fair, rid his soul of despair; love each man for the man, not the monger.

The same temperament that makes the boy a bad boy will make the man a great man, if he is not perverted to idolatry by the ownership of property.

"How do you do." Our common salute, is surely a light, meaningless expression while we continue to do as we do. Hereafter, the best response to that salute will be, "I have signed 'The We Can Act.'"

The glory has gone out of war and it must cease.

The strong intellectual men of today realize that the calling of "the leader" in civilization has been perverted into a mad rush for "power of wealth," a power that does not satisfy, does not guarantee against the fear of want, but brings with it a knowledge of insecurity, leaving the Soul, the ego, standing alone in the universe, craving that help which comes only with the love of our fellowmen.

There is no complete happiness for the enjoyment of any individual person. Until all mankind can possess the means of being happy no man shall possess the fullness of peace. The Soul of man is the Infinite, a portion of which animates and endows with reason your body, a portion my body, and the same is true with all our brothers and sisters. The Soul of man (on this Earth) has been groping in the darkness of fear, a fear born of individualism, because we have refused to recognize the oneness of man and our relations to the entire Universe.

There never was a time when the "Soul Power" of MAN wielded the influence over the individual that it does at the present day. Dogmatic theories are being analyzed. By the smallest and least developed, it is realized that TRUTH does not need being spoken by mortal tongue, but can be recognized by man's Divine Conscience. The hearts of all mankind stand ready, listening, as it were, to receive the consummation of "On Earth Peace, Good Will (by man) Toward men."

Today the Soul is making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere and they are strangely urgent, pressingly imperious, as though the order had already been given to throw off old customs and enter into the new life. It seems as though the Supreme Will of the Soul is about to overcome the retarding influence of fear and pierce the dense clouds of error that still envelop it.

Spiritual phenomena, Occult power, Mental telepathy, the Astral plane of the Soul, and all these Divine Truths which were held as Mysteries by the Rulers and their priestcraft to keep the mass in subjection, are occupying the minds and developing the Soul Powers of all the great Common People of today. In consequence of this, men are nearer to themselves, nearer to their fellowmen; in the look of their eyes, in the Love of their hearts there is deeper earnestness and a tenderer fellowship.

It is generally conceded that the conditions of life are changing. A great mass of customs, habits, codes and pretenses are being swept aside as useless, and it is through the powers of the Soul, though we know it not, that nearly all of us judge each other. It is the Golden Rule, though it be unspoken or unthought of, which makes us good citizens, rather than Statutory laws or church doctrines.

The man who entertains evil thoughts in his heart, even though he wear the face of a gentleman, a hero or a persecuted disciple of divinity, cannot win the confidence of a child as he would have done fifty years ago, because of the elevating influence of Soul culture.

AN UNIVERSAL STRIKE

You middle class who play the game
As helpless rounders, cheap decoys;
Your right to life would be the same
If you'd cease being Shylock's toys.
Do you expect to merit fame,
Through effort which the race annoys?

It is not capital you crave,
But strength to free yourselves from fear.
You only act the fool and knave,
By making all life's needs too dear.
For happiness you dig the grave,
Where "Peace on Earth" doth disappear.

If you would cease to lend a hand,
To that which isn't true and fair;
There'd be no need of "owning" land,
We'd own life's needs the same as air.
You are "collecting on demand,"
A tribute labor cannot spare.

Your place is with that noble class
Which blesses *man* with pure good will,
And when this test of strength we'll pass
There'll be no "middle stage" to fill.
All men will work for good, enmasse,
'Tis competition we must kill.

Why yield you to this awful fear
Which robs *you* of all manly sense?
Like drunkards craving wine or beer
Regardless of its consequence.
When fraud, or guile, shows riches near,
Hark unto Love; say, "get thou hence!"

When labor ceases, for one day,
To honor fraud, or to comply

With claims we have no right to pay,
 Old Shylock's power will wilt and die.
 All debts and profits fade away.
 And man shall live without a lie.

Schooling does not make any one learned; it is simply the means by which one may acquire knowledge through the application of TRUTH to Character and Life, to attune the Individual with the Infinite, and a false method of schooling, be it older than History, can only produce false or unnatural natures among men.

Men of all kinds and nations are surely drawing closer together, and when we shall be bound by the cords of sympathy and love, then we may know that charity is a subterfuge and pardon is not needed, for we "Shall have seen the Father."

There are many Untruths to be applied to every question, but only one TRUTH, and this, if applied to only side of a question, becomes equal to an untruth.

It is written: "The iniquities of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but the writer neglected to state anything about the fathers' Virtues.

It is now about the fourth generation since Thomas Paine undertook to explore the realms of Iniquity and bring some of the father's "Virtues" to light. To do so he was obliged to use a sledge hammer of "Infidelity" and a cold chisel of "Reason" before the steel-like bands of superstition and fear could be removed from the minds of men.

His very appropriate efforts, at the opportune time, were not in vain. Today, we are enjoying more true life in three months than was possible in a whole lifetime during the Dark Ages.

Life is worth living to the extent that men have Earnestness in life. Religious opinions, Social convictions, and Character, depend on the Schooling and Training, or, strangling and distorting, which is afforded the Individual, for earnest and Truthful Self-Culture, by SOCIETY.

When gunpowder enabled the weak man to shoot as hard as a strong man, then "man-love" was born, and, as a lullaby from its nursery, comes the voice of Thomas Payne, gently humming our "Declaration of Independence." Now, since the box-car enables the boy to skip out and leave his grouchy old dad, the tyranny of the home is going fast, and some one of these outcasts will show the way to displace the exchangeable dollar with the labor check. Then, like a little sister to "The Rights of Man," will be born, Natural Human Nature.

All the growth we achieve socially is given us by the mental pioneers who dared to be unpopular. To brave the jungles where the priests have trembled before an echo.

While thus, interest, rent, or profit, drive the golden rule to shame, think you happiness can prosper? Can a Christian merit fame?

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Who is my neighbor, pray tell me true,
 Must he have slaves or gold or land?
 By faith I love him, so do you.
 Well-founded faith means "understand."
 Have I by trade, or bargains shrewd,
 Driven him to crime or conduct lewd?
 Does he in mad-house rave and moan?
 Because he failed, has my wealth grown?

Who is my neighbor? In business lore,
 He is the man whom I have robbed.
 That class, whose labors filled my store
 Have starved for love. Their hearts have throbbed;
 While I with fires of greed have burned,
 A profit from the wage they earned.
 To seek one's neighbor while the rule
 Of gold is god, marks one a fool.

Who is my neighbor; I *need* to know,
 Or faith in Christ will surely wane.
 I've sought in prestige high and low,
 Nor find him by the law of gain.
 I asked the priest, he bade me pray;
 He pointed out "the narrow way."
 I asked a Worker and he said,
You stand between him and his bread.

Until it pays "the taking class" to *give* work to "the making class" (beggars) we must remain idle and all our pleadings (shame) will be unheeded.

If you'd drive the lines of care from the coming nation's brow, make the best of nature's fare—but you'll never, if not now. Concentrate your mind's endeavors, all your earnest thoughts endow with best efforts and behaviors—but you'll never, if not now.

"Selfless love" is a misnomer. Love *must* include all man and all that pertains to his happiness and perfection; "The Lord God is a consuming fire: even a jealous God."

I hear the Father's "Spirit-voice" say, "Pass the Word to every man by comradeship, in love rejoice, and cease this dire, 'get-even' plan."

IDLENESS

Oh! the horror of being of so little worth,
 A disgrace to the parents who gave me birth.
 No chance to be useful, a killer of time,
 A nuisance, a vagabond, sewer of slime;
 To sickly lie idle, a "snide" and a fraud,
 Not having one virtue which men can applaud,
 But viciously squander what other folks earn,
 Having no use for the good things I learn.
 I hope when the Jubilee band wins the day
 That I can get work and respectable pay.
 It must be a pleasure—yes, life must be sweet
 To those who by labor can *earn* what they eat.
 This curse of great riches (my soul! what a load!)
 Makes a lie of religion; 'tis Satan's broad road.

Oh! the horror of tramping and looking for work—
 To be scorned and be measured a bum and a shirk;
 And when we do labor we're damnably robbed,
 Every man with a job is most cursedly jobbed.
 Our children deprived of the means to grow strong,
 Every effort at charity forced to be wrong.
 All these to give dividends, interest and rent,
 To a class who have legalized social torment.
 But the Jubilee movement, now spreading world-wide
 Will banish dishonesty, fear and false-pride
 Yes, *this* system is falling. Hurrah! and Amen!
 All men shall be *brothers*, when men can be *men*.
 There will then be no classes, no castes, and no creed;
 All will worship "The Father" by action and deed.

Capital and labor, as men, are not enemies more than are the farmer's team of horses while in a runaway, with the fool-dog chasing them. "And the priest passed by on the other side." Both are as much denuded of the shield of "Friendship, Love and Truth" as is the child with the nightmare. So long as the dollar in your pocket is not yours if I or any thief can get it, we cannot know the first commandment in its true import and you have *got* to be afraid of me.

As an unsafe bridge or a dangerous road is safe-guarded by a railing and a red lantern at night, so has the prevailing business system its slums, its bread lines and its red light districts. The co-operative commonwealth offers the only open and safe road to travel.

ASK WHAT YE WILL

The mission of Jesus, Divine, Son of Man,
 Was to build up the Kingdom of Love.
 He tells us "The Father" will favor this plan,
 For all who these methods approve.
 His life and His blood, His death on the cross,
 Were all with this purpose in view,
 And all who shall heed Him can never know loss,
 Though the powers of wealth they eschew.

When men shall cease praying (desire is prayer)
 To the idols which worldly men crave;
 When we cease business methods so foul and unfair,
 Then the teachings of Jesus "can save."
 We will cease from retarding the growth of the soul;
 Then the Spirit of Love may awake.
 When we pray for God's blessing on man as a whole
 We'll be praying His prayer, for His sake.

Then how can we ask for the "Comforter" sent,
 While we "own" what our fellow man needs?
 Shall we ask God to join in our evil intent?
 Him that never gave ownership deeds.
 We may "ask what ye will" for God's child, Spirit-Man—
 "Ye shall have" and can ask without shame;
 But to ask for those "treasures" not found in His plan,
 Can never be done "in His Name."

Let us study our campaign chart, just a minute. The few thieving cowards have their scheme all nicely cut, the "papers" are correctly signed and tucked away in the county records, amidst their collection of putrifying carrion, or "blasted hopes and crushed ambitions." Their court's lackeys drooling and straining at the leash, are whining to do their bidding: When, lo and behold! the workers, as *one*, arise and, standing erect like *man*, their eyes fixed on the Cross, emblem of "Truth's victory," firmly declare they will *no longer* bear the burdens that enslave them. They state exactly what they *will* do in full honor; for a kind of money shorn of its speculative qualities! Armies wilt and wither like "Jonah's vine"; and—listen, comrades—"Neither do I condemn thee"; and "Against such there is no law."

Being not quite right is to be quite wrong.

NAPOLEON

Napoleon gave one Truth so great
That, were it heeded by all men,
His monstrous feats of war and hate,
Would never curse the world again.
He said, "To men I give no heed.
But base my campaign on this plan,
That every office, act or deed
Be executed by a *man*."
When men all profits shall erase
And know a *man* deserves the place
Which now a coward doth disgrace;
When soldiers live, not die for fame,
When "unfair means" bring burning shame,
Each man shall know a Savior's name.
Until I live Love's perfect plan,
Until each one shall know it pays
To live an honest, upright man,
We'll have no end to strenuous ways.
While men fix price, or wage, for pay
"The Father's Will" can have no worth,
There'll be no "daily bread this day,"
While private interests rule the earth.

It behooves all men to respect and protect every man's earning power with the same degree of honor and sacredness that he would their lives or property.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before" the "I am that I am."

Are we men in God's image and likeness while voluntarily acting as employers and laborers, complainants and defendants, mortgagors and mortgagees, lessors and lessees, debtors and creditors, buyers and sellers? And we hate each other for no other reasons than these. Away with it all! Co-operate.

The red flag stands for blood of one color among all men. It signifies that "I refuse to kill my fellow workingmen, simply because our bosses are quarreling." It does not symbolize riot and destruction, more than has the Cross where it interfered with vested rights.

We need "comradeship" more than we need leaders.

To be on good terms with oneself through early life guarantees a happy old age.

THE HOLY LAW

Through praise of Mammon man has failed
 To know that "Man" means all are one.
 Thus baser motives have prevailed,
 Since private ownership begun.
 There is no "gift" of man's salvation,
 Man must achieve his highest aim.
 Within man's breast an emulation
 Invites all good, disdains all blame.

Man stands erect, a demonstration
 Of law fulfilled, the law of love.
 Man is one grand divine relation,
 All man in brotherhood shall move.
 Man must not be by strife divided,
 Man shall no longer war through fear;
 Selfwill shall cease. Love has decided;
 Man's love for man draws heaven near.

When man shall seek for God-like power—
 That power the "I Am" holds within,
 That goal we reach in silent hour
 Above all hate, where hopes begin—
 'Tis there man finds the life worth living,
 There man communes with life supreme.
 God's image, man, is all forgiving.
 Man, hold thyself in full esteem.

Man is debauched by creeds fraternal;
 Man's inner self loves only good;
 By seeking gods from man external,
 Man aims below man's brotherhood,
 Through knowing self, man learns of heaven—
 Knows it is here, not realms above.
 Man needs no laws that fears have given;
 There is no binding law but Love.

Whene'er we entertain the thought that a good deed can't be done,
 we've injured faith as no man ought. Weak faith makes cowards run.
 Only pure and noble thoughts can change our doleful plight; great souls,
 rebounding honest thoughts, assure the reign of right.

HOMAGE

I do revere a power Divine
 A power which rules through endless space.
I do believe that power is mine
 If I but tune my heart with Grace—
A power which deals with good alone,
That power is Love on truth, its throne.

Its voice of conscience in my breast
 Bids me to live and dare do right.
My sure reward is peace and rest,
 Which far surpass kingly might.
Today this Lord shall claim its own—
The God of Love on truth, its throne.

Perverted love has long held sway;
 By praise of wealth did lust deceive.
True Science ushers in the day
 When hearts know joy and cease to grieve.
Forgive all debts, the past atone.
For God is Love on truth, its throne.

By faith in Love to train the soul
 We learn that all mankind are good.
That fear leads to that useless goal
 Of sickness, sin and sorrowhood.
All evils die when left alone.
Then worship Love on truth, its throne.

The best investment one can make
Is "make a friend for friendship's sake";
But any man who worships gold
Is not a friend, when all is told.
Would you enjoy eternal youth?
Then make a mirror of all truth;
If you've a friend whose daily prayer
Is such, that friend you cannot spare.

Let us stop using the word "they" in this work; it is "we" who are to save the world. When we, the workers, learn to love our kind, all who are now "they" will hurry to become one of the "we" and all speculating will have ceased.

GOOD

The glorious art of fitting all the truths of life, to life,
 Is love's plain true religion, to free the world from strife;
 And all the world's best Saviors have sounded this same call—
 Have shown the path to happiness to be a path for all.
 This love, so wondrous, simple, yet few have understood
 To tune the Christ's at-one-ment with the Universal Good.

The Good must ever triumph; yes, it has, and does so still.
 'Tis ignorance keeps us parted from the Omnipotent Will.
 Let the power of human wisdom act concertedly for good,
 And at once all strife and hatred will dissolve to brotherhood.
 Then, do not, my dear brother, as the Pharisee would do,
 But love the good in all mankind. They're just as good as you.

You may not wish to change with them your color, creed or might,
 But, brother, have you never thought, they hold the self-same right.
 Train not your mind to evil; rebuke each vain-like thought,
 The mind alone leads men to God; " 'tis God" as Jesus taught.
 And when we come to worship all truth and good designs,
 The Light of Love with rays of Peace will banish selfish shrines.

You know that all the human race will love "Good" if it can.
 All errors, vice and folly, deal with segregated man.
 'Tis by this plan all fear of want, all greed and crime creep in;
 But cowardice, in priestly garb, has named it "Adam's sin."
 Then may I search and know myself, my kin to God, or good,
 And see by light of Truth and Love, one human Godlihood.

A god that makes men quarrel is not the god for me.
 The God of Love brings out the good in everything we see.
 To "trust thyself and fellow-man" puts good upon the throne,
 Where all men love to worship and where no one feels alone.
 And love's plain, simple gospel bids us "cease to trouble so."
 'Twill bind all human hearts as one, spell God with double o.

To name "good" as one person would break good's endless plane.
 To grace one person with all good would make that person vain.
 But on this human river, which flows through time untold,

The ship of love floats peacefully, bedecked with joy, not gold.
And heaven means love's sweet harmony. Would'st have it if you
could?

Then hark! the God of Love is spelled G-double o-d—Good.

Then he who lives in harmony with good has powers divine—
Has boundless riches, even though the source of wealth decline,
One day the energy we waste to guard off needless fear,
We'll use towards health and happiness; the Christ will then appear.
The Christ is now in every man who loves his neighbor so
That love from love reflecting shows that second little o.

THE CRUCIAL HOUR

When by the word of truth and love,
As Jesus brought it to the race,
His revolutionists shall prove
That harmony can take the place
Of fear and greed, of sin and death,
We'll stand aghast and hold our breath,
Now, steady boys.

When competition's wars have ceased,
And hope dispels this business storm,
Then politicians and the priest,
May not give mental chloroform
To God's own child, the giant *man*,
Who labors in His perfect plan.
But, steady boys.

The time is coming—almost here—
When getting bread need not bring hell!
But love your neighbor; do not fear,
The right defend; 'gainst wrong rebel!
The General for that crucial hour,
Is he who wields this magic power:
Now, steady boys!

Would you get the good of life? To *man* be true, and the world will
sure grow better if you do. Every moment now grows brighter, day is
on; we must not loiter. Love is victor! God's uniter, Peace, is due.

WOUNDED LOVE

To raise your voice in God's pure love
 You'll not be heard by most of men.
 Their ears are deadened: this to prove,
 Their idol, Mammon, blinds their ken.

Express your faith in any child
 Whose wounded love brought fear and hate,
 Your every motive is reviled;
 The gauge of matter marks its rate.

To speak of Spirit is but sounds
 Of tinkling brass to souls not free;
 For matter's falsehoods are the grounds
 Where mortals live and move and be.

That wounded love—oh, could we know
 How children writhe, their souls a-fire,
 Whose blasted hopes bind spirit low—
 Pervert to crime our soul's desire.

To have that faith which makes men free,
 Is but to live as does the child;
 So cease to worship wealth and be
 To faith in Love, all reconciled.

Sleep is death's little sister; or, mortal waking life, is Spiritual
 life let out for recess.

If God is Love, is more than man,
 Then faith in God must surely win;
 But serve two masters, no one can,
 Thus faith in property is sin.
 That seeming power which blights and maims,
 In our resistance finds its claims.
 When we shall know no power but good;
 To love, as Father meant we should,
 The field of life with flowers will bloom;
 There'll be no poverty nor gloom.
 And as our Spirits shall advance
 Towards "Truth Divine" through "silence" sleep,
 The loves we hold as 'twere by chance,
 Build mem'ries we shall ever keep.

BE BORN AGAIN

For three centuries those Christians,
That co-operating band,
Tried to merit God's approval,
To possess the promised land.
But material worship conquered.
(Since King Constantine deceived—
Showed benighted man a mirage)
We've *believed*, that we believed.

Seek ye first God's precious kingdom,
Here within thee: Know thyself.
Cultivate the spirit senses;
Worship Truth, denounce that elf
Who would sound the praise of matter
As it did to Mother Eve.
All life's needs are added to you.
Only trust, have faith. Believe!

There's a point of vital interest
Which the teacher must explain—
That the sense of Soul, or Spirit,
Does not act on matter's plane.
So the truths to which God calls us,
Cannot reach to mortal's ear;
They are only known to Spirit,
Always vague to mortal fear.

First of all, stop knowing matter
As a power; all is Mind.
He who cannot see as Spirit,
All God's handiwork, is blind.
Then become as little children,
Full of faith, and love all men.
Thus was Jesus God's way-shower.
Know this truth: be born again.

Who would his self-respect retain,
Can never work for wage nor gain;
But joins the one "World's Peace" refrain,
Of Labor, Love and Life!

REDEMPTION

I say, money changer, and you, Mr. Priest—
When were your standards of worth increased?
Though I belong to the laboring class,
Does that imply that my life shall pass
A storm of trials, a struggle in fear—
Denied the right to cherish as dear
The gems, the jewels, the joys of youth,
That “peace of soul” by a knowledge of truth?
Though my hands are calloused and my form is bent,
Must my leisure hours in grief be spent?
While you enjoy fame or fair renown,
And command of me: Keep down! Keep down!

Don't say you do not thus intend—
That the poor in you may find a friend.
You know that your conscience for pity cries
Each time you repeat those “custom lies.”
You know that the Scribes and Sadducees
Turned the courts against Jesus by those same pleas:
You know that today in the humblest homes,
There are men with the power to build numberless Romes,
But the practice of greed, in which you feel strong,
Leaves the mass unnourished, and you know it is wrong.
Are you blind to the truth that you act the clown?
And say to God's image: Keep down! Keep down!

Though my manners be not polished bright,
My heart, as yours, yearns for the right.
We are both aware of the reasons why
We quarrel—the Golden Rule defy.
The lines of “caste” have no other claim,
Than to injure the weak and burden the lame;
As with dying leaves, you've the brightest hue—
Shall we kill the roots and the branches too?
Shall all brotherly love—our life-sap drip,
By the cursed plan, private ownership?
Shall the soldiers again weave a thorny crown
And mock the Christ with, “Come down, come down”?

We need the strength you choose to waste,
 With mankind lewd can you be chaste?
 When the dew is greeted by the flower,
 Both find 'tis good—then comes the shower.
 As the sunbeam in the alley plies
 'Tis not defiled by filth nor flies,
 But the soul of man must suffer pest,
 While "property rights" our names infest.
 The wails of grief and gaunt despair
 Echo in palaces everywhere.
 When *you* cease God's voice of love to drown,
 Then "Peace on Earth" may settle down.

This plan of greed robs you of respect—
 Robs me and my child of our intellect—
 Robs humankind of heaven sublime;
 'Tis the cause of all misery, sorrow and crime.
 Remove all these, 'tis "The Father's Will,"
 Go forth! the work of the Christ fulfill.
 With the Universe "Father," mankind, "The Son,"
 The Holy Ghost "Love" "Thy will be done."
 Eternal life by that precious vow
 Will be given us here in this endless now.
 The task is easy, neither sigh nor frown
 Need it cost to bring God's glory down.

Society owes to every man all he wants of all the things produced
 by labor. A statement which cannot be properly received while we view
 men in our diseased characters caused by knowing no other god than
 Mammon, but any man not crazed by the fears of failure will not want
 those things detrimental to good and pure living.

EVENING

Benign old age, with your restful days;
 Your long, mellow shades from love's mild rays.
 Surcease from passions, from fears and war;
 Just harvesting, all that life was for.

The physical sense grows dim and weak;
 But listen, the senses of Spirit speak.
 The portals of birth to God's oneness ajar;
 Just enter and take all that life was for.

HUMAN NATURE

What of our social sins?
 And who can make them right?
 Where is it crime begins?
 Hereditary blight.
 Is there no way to trace this cause?
 Has Science overlooked these laws?
 Our Natural Natures have no flaws!
 God's image is aright.

Whatever is the plan
 Which custom-laws compel,
 Reflects on mortal man
 A record he must swell.
 Yet to these laws he ever bends,
 By custom-laws we measure friends.
 'Tis mortal's fate; vibration blends
 With harmony or hell.

'Tis human nature then
 To flourish or decline,
 Just as the mass of men
 Shall worship or malign.
 Those words, "Vox populi, vox Dei,"
 Are just as true as true can be;
 And—neighbor, that means you and me—
 Soul-consciously divine.

We must unknow the wrong!
 Christ's promises are true.
 It need not take us long
 All error to subdue.
 All spirit-men omniscient are;
 Heaven is here, and not afar.
 Those "pearly gates" now stand ajar.
 Just love—and enter through.

How can a man love God
 More than he loves mankind?

Sense sees man as a clod,
 But God is Spirit-Mind!
 Our spirit vision is discerned
 When mortal error has been spurned.
 The old man to the new is turned,
 Soul sense now seeks its kind.

THE HOUR OF RECKONING

Every movement which blesses the race,
 Calls for heroes and martyrs, who strive
 To awaken the dull populace;
 So benumbed, they have ceased to contrive;
 From childhood they meet disappointments, deceit,
 Wher'in spirit-man never can thrive.

But the day of at-one-ment has come.
 The little red flag floats on high.
 The hobo, the tramp, and the bum,
 Hail the color of love in the sky.
 The rich parasite who makes war but won't fight
 Sees the hour of reckoning nigh.

BROTHER - LOVE

The good still lives in hearts, though hard
 Crusted with sin, as rust may hide
 The links of chains, till but one mass
 Of rust appears; yet God-thoughts guard
 Man's higher self, and worldly pride
 Is but as sound of tinkling brass.

Though one be starved, benumbed by crime,
 Soul-hope stands porter at the door
 Of every temple (God in me).
 Each wrongful breach hints of a time
 When right shall reign, and justice pour
 A flood of virtues o'er life's sea.

All hearts seek truth, and hope for good;
 Thus brother-love builds Godlihood.

HERMENEUTICS

A lover of the human race in occultations deep
 Was delving in such vital thoughts as make weak trucklings creep.
 Wielding the magic powers which none but poets know,
 Almost losing consciousness, following love's bright glow;
 Living in grim reality the lives of other men,
 Treading the paths that fade in truth, weighing all ages in the
 scales of youth;
 Rolling the stone from mystic tombs, that true emotions might live
 again.

'Neath' murky clouds of mystery, in superstition's realm,
 Lay mouldering ('midst the victims they had helped to overwhelm);
 "Grim fear" and "weak submission" — Old Shylock's store of
 wealth—
 Their bleaching bones still bear the stains of shrewdness and of
 stealth;
 Pushing beyond the boundaries described by mortal's pen,
 Scanning the pages of soul's repine, reading conditions between
 the lines,
 Rolling the stone from mystic tombs, that firm convictions might
 live again.

The man with wondrous daring may lack all of being brave.
 Man rides the sea of customs, tossed about by every wave;
 And so the things held sacred are not proven so by age,
 As environments mould ambitions, so the heart and soul engage.
 Just as the youthful mind conceives, so does the soul grow strong.
 As are the thoughts which childhood feeds, so endure that person's
 needs,
 Never encouraged to know the right, custom compels it to do wrong.

To tolerate a system of business methods vile
 But stimulates the vanity, with a leer supplants the smile;
 'Tis sowing prostitution for the harvest of the soul—
 Intoxicates the sophist 'till his wealth is but a dole;
 Produces dire despondency, intemperance and crime,
 Stifles one child before its birth, while thousands claim no part of
 earth,
 Except to see the blossoms fade and slave for debts, because of time.

Justice enthroned in every breast calls on men to think,
To harness nature's forces that slaves may cease to swink;
Rears the genius in common schools to lessen human toil,
And whispers "as the air is free: so also is the soil."
Respect all laws until repealed; honorable deeds promote;
But unto no man be beholden, kill the laws which thieves embolden.
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead" by the referendum vote.

Cease to punish the mere effect but first remove the cause.
And stand erect to claim your own; the world will give applause.
Cease to crouch and feel condemned for faults you can't avoid,
For all this crime and misery, this fear of want is void;
And when just methods shall prevail, then duty will be plain;
"God never willed to burden life with competition, war and strife!"
By honest methods, hate and fear will yield to joy and love's refrain.

JUST LOVE

Man never wrongs that which he loves,
(Perverted love is always lust,
No matter how applied).
Each sacrifice man makes but proves
That all are worthy of my trust
When love has sanctified.

God's image, man, is not defiled.
We've helped no man whom we've reviled;
And all such records yet compiled,
Is spirit crucified.

To claim that matter can give power,
We stab the Christ, and scorn God's dower.
To know God's love, we first must cease
To know aught else—just love in peace.

There is a right way to say anything to any man on any subject and get a civil hearing. It only requires a guarantee of an absolutely square deal. Therefore, when society shall deal squarely with all men, every man will answer to a warrant at any time and all our jails may be closed.

Just as the mortal human eye cannot portray the Spirit man—"I, Spirit, am the way"; so carnal mind need never try to know of God's eternal plan; false fears must pass away.

HIS WEALTH

"Take up the cross and follow me,"

Not own one bit of property.

"*He* had not where to lay His head."

When taken on a mountain high

By Satan, prince of business plane,

And offered powers which wealth can buy,

Would he submit and worship gain;

He counted not material cost:

He spurned the favors of His host.

Who follows Him must all forsake—

Must of "our *daily* bread" partake.

"*He* had not where to lay His head."

From press and pulpit even now,

We hear of plans which promise ease

To those who, void of conscience, bow

And yield to Satan's guileful pleas.

The multitude He taught and fed.

He promised life! He raised the dead.

His power of truth meets wrath in all,

Who with their gold men's hearts appall.

"*He* had not where to lay His head."

When we acquire His gift of love,

And know through all of endless space,

The law of good all powers approve

Which lead to peace, all ills efface,

His plan of life will rise again—

God's Kingdom rule the hearts of men.

The gods of mammon prone shall fall

Since He decreed the earth for all!

"*He* had not where to lay His head."

Was He condemned for doing good?

He healed the sick, the lame, the blind.

"The powers that be" knew well He would

Their gods destroy should *we* but find

The truths He taught of how to live,

"To Love, Forbear, fear not, Forgive."

WONDROUS SIMPLICITY

Let us not attack men's ethics nor belief,
The results are but confusion and turmoil;
Ancients ruled by fear and envy found relief
In religious faiths allotting men the soil;
But despite the claims of holiness, the threats and mouldy spleen
Of those self-appointed shepherds, who dispense with "pastures
green"

The soul of man has ever longed to pardon and forgive—
To share with all the weaker ones the privilege to live,
When the weak shall learn to love instead of punish.

Many brightest hopes and passions of the soul,
Have been garnered as the grain from husks of crime;
Every conscience keeps a justly balanced roll,
And rebukes the evil-doer in due time.
But while rogues must use the prison, the army and the law,
To demand they be forgiven, thus we license every flaw.
And while striving to "get even" all of virtue's interests fade,
Until all mankind are measured by the failures they have made.
Honest debts are never settled when we punish.

When your cloak is held for ransom and your coat
Is the envy of the vicious, let it go;
Do not strive to prove his eye contains a mote,
Lest the beam of vengeance dim your spirit's glow.
Soar above the clouds of envy as the eagle rides the storm,
Train the will to truthful efforts, common duties to perform;
Kindly words to little children yield of good with powers untold;
Character must have love's sweet sunshine while the seed is in the
mould,
But the light of hope will languish while we punish.

It was Peter asked, "How oft shall we forgive?"
And the answer of the Prince of Peace was plain;
He who stands in need of pardon does not live
But is seeking peace and happiness in vain.
As the darkest hour is always just before the dawn of day,
So with ignorance and falsehood; Love shall show the better way,
When we search our hearts for knowledge, justice towards all men
employ,

Then the work of Truth shall conquer. Then will sorrow turn to joy,
And the nations of the earth may cease to punish.

With the will to love—"Ye must be born again."

With the will to love—"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

When our social laws bring justice to all men,

We will live to praise the Universal Soul.

When an injury to the weakest is of interest to us all,

Love will temper every heart throb, even when a sparrow fall;

Then may courts and legislatures cease to scourge the mass in awe,

Therefore, "Love ye one another" is the only binding law.

This will cleanse our hearts of all desire to punish.

Victims of robbery *can* forgive, but not so with the robber.

He cringes in his wickedness, though priest, magnate or jobber,

The sinner or the profligate who profits by misrule,

Will bless his guiding brother who shows him he's a fool.

Every portion of the future will be "the now" when we are living it; therefore if covetousness, greed and vain hopes for riches are your master *now* you will never be a "master man." You may at any time look into "the Mirror of Truth" and see the image of a coward. You are placing yourself in the position of one not deserving the help of "The Christ," as Paul looked upon "The workers of the world."

One of the most profound of truths is that where Christian faith prevails, one can "just let" all of life's details fulfill; and live, knowing that all evil has its root in frightened man-made laws to sanction ownership, which laws oppose the first commandment. Keep this one, and the others will keep you; then all faith-killing anxieties may give place to "just let" and rejoice.

The United States Congress during the session of 1914 declared: "The labor of a human being is not a commodity of commerce." This wedge we must drive home. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." Or, sign "The We Can Act."

Bend your ear to the ground, hear the rumbling of despair gathering into a vicious force appealing to our false sense of social duty, a business dogma, which is so firmly rooted in our consciousness that we are not aware of its presence there, let alone its falseness. Every Christian promise, every hope of civilization is endangered now. A blind force advertently assuming religious importance cannot be stopped—we can only remove obstructions from before it and open channels to divert it into good works.

EVOLUTION

With its bleak dreary winds, the hard Winter was waning;
 The birds sang for joy, and the lambs skipped in glee;
 The fragrance of violets and grasses was gaining
 While the buds burst forth on an old maple tree.

From causes unseen; by the friction of Seasons,
 A whirlwind destructive passed over the lee,
 With fury possessed; without mercy or reasons
 It twisted, and ruined that old maple tree.

But the flowers, and verdure, took life from the sunshine,
 The bulbs 'neath the soil brought forth sweets for the bee,
 The tulip and rose bloomed as gay as the woodbine;
 Spring was worth all it cost; do not mourn that old tree.

So the cycles of time are forever progressing;
 This life is for *use*; *duty cries*, "make it free."
 Each moment is all the past ages possessing,
 Could the Seasons have halted to favor that tree?

DOMINION

Since Infinite Spirit no "person" respects,
 Who knows man as Spirit, God's image reflects.
 Since God gave dominion to His image, man,
 He never has sanctioned this ownership plan.
 "Thou shalt have no other, no gods before Me,"
 Would set every mortal from ownership free.
 Those gods which cause misery, sickness and war,
 Are pricing God's kingdom as "away below par."
 True faith will prove property worship a sham—
 Turn envy to "My brother's keeper I am."
 Like children at play all life's blessings we'll share—
 Make the whole world of labor one mecca of prayer.
 Dominion! Dominion! it is "the lost word,"
 But in business parlance, its use is absurd.

It may appear easy to die for a measure while misinformed patriots
 shout their applause; but the soldier whose name shall become a world
 treasure is he who shall manfully *live* for the cause.

AN AFTERMATH

Here we are, revering innumerable "inventions" and wrongly legalized excuses, supporting vast armies of soldiers to drive us and other armies of lawyers and schemers to persuade us that a perverted and befowled character, foreign to our NATURAL NATURES, is better than to be free in the image and likeness of Infinite Mind.

There is no reason why each child born should not be at once an equal owner of the world's goods with all other persons and be assured of its proper schooling and the right to be a Natural child.

There is no reason why every youth should not be provided travel and observations to enable it to choose the position in the World's work most pleasing to its inclinations and be provided the apprenticeship or training to qualify as a useful and delighted producer, wherein our work will be a world of play and a season of joy.

There is no reason why every machine and every discovery should not be A FRIEND OF MAN instead of an enemy to the working class, and finally at the age of forty-five for the workers, and at all ages for those incapacitated, those mentally or physically sick (they'll be very few) there shall be a pension, providing them with care or enabling them to travel and enjoy the wonders, the beauties and a complete knowledge of all that LIFE was for.

IT IS UP TO ME!

This is the day of Judgment,
Hail to the world, ahoy!
This is the day of Judgment,
Herald the news with joy.
This is the day of Judgment,
TRUTH here in the reach of all.
This is the day of Judgment,
And tyranny is gone to the wall.

This is the day of Judgment,
Firm justice our hallowed mace.
This is the day of Judgment,
By freedom comes boundless grace.
This is the day of Judgment,
When troubles and sorrows cease.
This is the day of Judgment,
Glad, Universal Peace.

We can only draw near to "the God of Love,"
By ignoring the gods of men.

JUBILEE TIDINGS

ESPERANTO.

A LIVING LANGUAGE FOR ALL PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

Esperanto, the international auxiliary language, has been in constant practical use in other countries for the past 25 years.

Cartoon suppressed during the period of the war.

Its aim is not to displace any existing language, but to be a secondary to all. **CREATED TO PROMOTE INTERRACIAL GOOD WILL AND UNDERSTANDING, IT IS THE KEY TO THE PROBLEM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.**

To the educator it is of priceless value. The Esperanto grammar is so simple and so brief that the book can be carried in the vest pocket.

Esperanto is not a play language. It is taught in the University of Oxford, the University of Chicago, The Chatauqua Institution and many other schools public and private. It has been adopted by the Red Cross and Christian Endeavor Societies, the International European Organization of Police, the Freemasons, Socialists, Jurists, Medical men, an international scientific society, etc., etc.

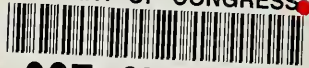
The aim of the U. S. Esperanto Association is to acquaint those who live in our country of every nationality with this useful and beautiful language which will enable them to correspond and converse with their brother man throughout the world.

One of the effects of Esperanto is to arouse in the student a love of all languages, a love of all people, and a longing to know more of the history of the conditions of those distant neighbors. He begins to study history and books of travel. His horizon widens. His interests are no longer local. He becomes truly cosmopolitan in character; and the world is his neighbor. He no longer hates a man because he speaks an unfamiliar tongue, but as he listens to the speech of the foreigner he finds in it beauty and harmony. Surely this is worth while.

THE ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA,

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